



THE
Famous Chronicle of king Edward
the first, surnamed Edward Longshankes,
with his returne from the holy land.

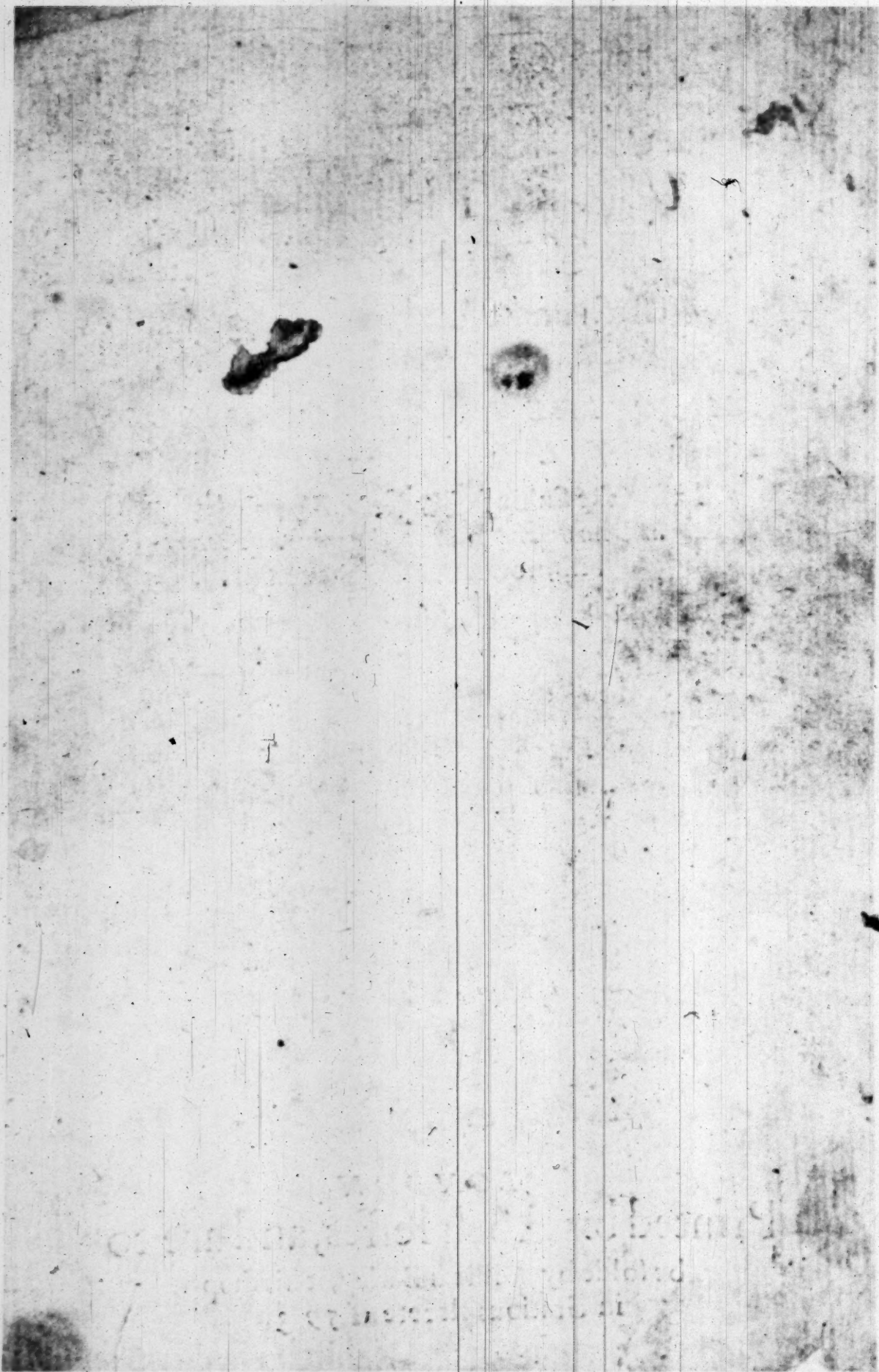
ALSO THE LIFE OF LLEWELLEN
rebell in Wales.

Lastly, the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck
at Charingcrosse, and rose againe at Potters-
hith, now named Queenehithe.



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THE
Famous Chronicle historie of King
Edwarde the first, surnamed Edwarde

Longshankes : with the sincking of Queene

Elinor at Charingcrosse, and her rising

againe at Potters hith, otherwise

called Queene hith.

*Enter Gilbert de Clare Earle of Gloucester, with the Earle of
Suffex, Mortimer the Earle of March, David Lluel-
lens brother, waiting on Helinor the Queene mother.*

The Queene Mother.



Y L. lieutenant of Gloucester, and L. Mortimer,

To do you honor in your Soueraignes eyes,

That as we heare is newly come aland,

From *Palestine*, with all his men of warre:

The poore remainder of the royall Fleete,

Preferu'd by miracle in *Sicill* Roade.

Go mount your Coursers, meete him on the way,

Pray him to spur his Steede, minutes and houres,

Vntill his mother see hir princely sonne,

Shining in glory of his safe returne.

Exeunt Lords.

Manet Queene Mother.

Illustrious England, auncient seat of kings,

Whose chivalrie hath roiallized thy fame:

That sounding bravely through terrestiall vaile,

Proclaiming conquests, spoiles, and victories,

Rings glorious Ecchoes through the farthestt worlde.

What warlike nation trained in feates of armes,

The Historie

What barbarous people, stubborne or vntaimd,
What climate vnder the Meridian signes,
Or frozen Zone vnder his brumall stage,
Erst haue not quaked and trembled at the name
Of Britaine, and hir mightie Conquerour, ?
Her neighbor realmes as *Scotland, Denmarke, France,*
Aude with their deedes, and iealous of her armes,
Haue begd defensue and offensue leagues.
Thus *Europe* riche and mightie in her kinges,
Hath teard braue England dreadfull in her kings:
And now to eternize Albions Champions,
Equiualent with *Troians* auncient fame,
Comes louely *Edward* from *Ierusalem*,
Veering before the winde, plowing the sea,
His stretched sailes fild with the breath of men,
That through the world admires his manlines.
And loe at last, ariued in *Douer* roade,
Longshanks your king, your glory and our sonne,
With troopes of conquering Lords and warlike knights,
Like bloudy crested Mars orelookes his hoste,
Higher then all his armie by the head,
Martching along as bright as *Phæbus* eyes,
And we his mother shall beholde our sonne,
And Englands Peeres shall see their Souerainge.

*The Trumpets sound, and enter the traine, viz. his maimed
Souldiers with headpeece and Garlands on them, euery man
with his red Crosse on his coate: the Ancient borne in a
Chaire, his Garland and his plumes on his headpeece, his
Ensigne in his hand. Enter after them Gloucester and Mor-
timer bareheaded, & others as many as may be. Then Long-
shanks and his wife Elinor, Edmund Couchback, and Ione
and Signior Moumfort the Earle of Leicesters prisoner,
with Sailers and Souldiers, and Charles de Moumfort his
brother.*

Q. Mother. Gloucester, Edward, O my sweete sonnes.
And then she fals and sounes.

Long.

of Edward Longshankes.

Longsh. Helpe Ladies: O ingratefull destiny,
To welcome Edward with this tragedie.

Glocest. Patient your highnes, tis but mothers loue,
Receiu'd with sight of her thrice valiant sonnes:
Madam amaze not, see his Maiestie
Returnd with glory from the holy land.

Morb. Braue sons the worthy Champions of our God,
The honourable souldiers of the highest,
Beare with your mother whose abundant loue,
With teares of ioyes salutes your sweete returne,
From famous iourneys hard and fortunate.
But lordes alas how heauie is our losse,
Since your departure to these Chrillian warres,
The king your Father, and the prince your sonne,
And your braue Vnckle Almaines Emperour,
Aye me are dead.

Longsh. Take comfort madam, leaue these sad laments,
Deare was my vnckle, dearer was my sonne:
And ten times dearer was my noble father,
Yet were their liues valewd at thousand worlds,
They cannot scape the arrest of dreadfull death:
Death that dooth seaze and sommon all alike.
Then leauing them to heauenly blessednes,
To ioyne in thrones of glory with the iust,
I doo salute your royall Maiestie.
My gracious mother Queene, and you my lordes,
Gilbart de Clare, Suffex, and Mortimer,
And all the princely states of Englands peeres,
With health and honor to your harts content,
And welcome wished England on whose ground,
These feete so often haue desired to tread,
Welcome sweete Queene my fellow Traueller,
Welcome sweete Nell my fellow mate in armes,
Whose eyes haue seene the slaughtered Sarazens,
Pil'de in the ditches of Ierusalem,
And lastly welcome manly followers,
That beares the scars of honor and of armes,

The Historie

And on your wardrums carry crownes as kings,
Crowne Murall, Nauall, and triumphant all,
At view of whom the Turkes haue trembling fled,
And Sarazens like sheepe before the walles,
Haue made their cottages in walled townes,
But Bulwarkes had no fence to beate you back,
Lords, these and they will enter brasen gates,
And teare downe lime and Morter with their nailles.
Imbrace them Barons these haue got the name,
Of English Gentlemen and knights at armes:
Not one of these but in the Champaine field,
Hath wonne his crowne, his collar and his spurs,
Not *Cesar* leading through the streetes of Rome,
The captiue kings of conquered nations,
Was in his princely triumphes honoured more,
Then English *Edward* in this martiall fight.
Gentlemen your liues are lost in seruice of the Lord,
Which is your glory and your Countries fame,
For him, you shall haue liuing lordships, lands,
And be my counsellors in warres affaires:
Souldiers sit downe, *Nell* sit thee by my side,
These be prince *Edwards* pompious treasure.

*The Queene Mother being set on the one side, and Queene
Elinor on the other, the king sitteth in the middest mounted
highest, and at his feet the Ensigne underneath him.*

O glorious Capitoll, beautilous Senate house,
Triumphant *Edward*, how like sturdie Oakes,
Do these thy Souldiers circle thee about,
To shield and shelter thee from winters stormes?
Display thy crosse, old Aimes of the Vies,
Dub on your Drums tand with *Indraes* sunne,
My lustie western lads, *Matreueirs* thou,
Sound proudly here a perfect point of warre,
In honour of thy Souereignes safe returne,
Thus *Longshanks* bids his Souldiers *Bien uenir*.

of Edward Longshankes.

*Use Drummes, Trumpets, and Ensignes, and then
speake Edward.*

Edw. O God my God, the brightnes of my daye,
How oft hast thou preseru'd thy seruant safe,
By sea and land, yea in the gates of death,
O God to thee how highly am I bound,
For setting me with these on English ground:
One of my mansion houses will I giue,
To be a colledge for my maimed men,
Where euery one shall haue an hundred markes
Of yearely pention to his maintenance,
A Souldier that for Christ and countrie fightes,
Shall want no liuing whilst king *Edward* liues,
Lords you that loue me now be liberall,
And giue your larges to these maimed men.

Q. Mot. Towards this erection doth thy mother giue,
Out of her dowrie, fise thousand pounds of gold,
To finde them Surgeons to recure their wounds,
And whilst this auncient Standard bearer liues,
He shall haue fortie pound of yeerely fee,
And be my Beadsman father if you please.

Longsh. Madam I tell you England neuer bred,
A better souldier then your Beadsman is,
And that the Souldan and his Armie felt.

Edmund. Out of the dutchie of riche Lancaster,
To finde soft bedding for their bruized bones,
Duke *Edmund* giues three thousand pounds.

Longsh. Gramercies brother *Edmund*,
Happie is England vnder *Edwards* raigne,
When men are had so highly in regarde,
That Nobles strue who shall remunerate,
The souldiers resolution with regarde.

My Lord of Glocester what is your beneuolence?

Glocest. A thousand markes and please your Maiestie.

Longsh. And yours my lord of Suffex?

Suffex. Five hundred pound, and please your maiestie.

Long.

The Historie

Long. What say you sir *Dauid* of *Brecknock*.

Dauid. To a souldier sir *Dauid* cannot be too liberall,
Yet that I may giue no more then a poore knight is able
And not presume as a mightie Earle,
I giue my Lord foure hundred, foure score,
And nineteene poundes:

And so my lord of *Sussex* I am behind you an ace.

Sussex. And yet sir *Dauid* ye amble after apace.

Lon. Wel said *Da.* thou couldst not be a Camber Britain
If thou didst not loue a souldier with thy hart,
Let me see how my Arithmeticke will serue,
To totall the parars.

Qu. Eli. Why my lord I hope you meane,
I shal be a benefactor to my fellow souldiers:

Longshankes. And wel said *Nell.*

What wilt thou I set downe for thee?

Q. El. Nay my lord I am of age to set it down for my self.
You will allowe what I do, will you not?

Longsh. That I will Madam,
Were it to the value of my kingdome.

Qu. Elin. What is the summe my lord?

Longshankes. 10000 poundes my *Nell.*

Qu. Eli. Then *Elinor* bethinke thee of a gift worthie
the king of Englandes wife, and the king of Spaines
daughter, and giue such a largis, that the Chronicles of
this land may crake with record of thy liberalitie.

Parturient montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.

Shee makes a Cipher.

There my lord, neither one, two, nor three,
But a poore Cipher in Agrum, to enrich good fellowes,
And compound their figure in their kinde.

Longsh. Madam I commend your composition,
An argument of your honourable disposition:
Sweete *Nell* thou shouldst not be thy selfe,
Did not with thy mounting minde,
Thy gift surmount the rest.

Gloce. Cal you this *Ridiculus mus*? may sir this mouse
Would

of Edward Longshankes.

Would make a foule hole in a faire Cheese,
Tis but a Cipher in Agrum,
And it hath made of 10000 pounds, 100000 pounds:

Edmund. A princely gift and worthy memorie.

Glocester. My gracious Lord, as erst I was assignde,
Lieutenant to his Maiestie,
Hererender I vp the crowne left in charge with me,
By your princely father king *Henrie*,
Who on his death bed still did call for you,
And dying, wild to you the Diadem.

Longshankes. Thankes worthie Lordes,
And seeing by doome of heauens it is decreed,
And lawful line of our succession,
Vnworthy *Edward* is become your king,
We take it as a blessing from on hie,
And wil our Coronation be solemnized,
Vpon the 14. of December next.

Qu. Eli. Vpon the 14. of December next?
Alas my Lord, the time is all too short
And sudden, for so great solemnitie:
A yeare were scarce enough to set a worke,
Tailers, Imbroderes, and men of rare deuice,
For preparation of so great estate.
Trust me sweete *Ned*, hardlie shal I bethinke me,
In twentie weekes what fashion robes to weare,
I pray thee then deferre it till the spring,
That we may haue our garments point deuice.
I meane to send for Tailers into Spaine,,
That shall confer of some fantastickt futes,
With those that be our conningst Englishmen,
What? let me braue it now or neuer *Ned*.

Long. Madam content ye, would that were greatest care
You shall haue garments to your harts desire,
I neuer red but Englishmen exceld,
For change of rare deuises euery way.

Q. Eli. Yet pray thee *Ned*, my loue, my lord, and king,
My fellow souldier, and compeere in armes,

The Historie

Do so much honour to thy *Elinor*,
To weare a sute that thee shall giue thy grace,
Of her one cost and workmanship perhaps.

Q. Mor. Twil come by leasure daughter then I feare,
Thart too fine lined to be quick at worke.

Lang. Twixt vs a greater matter breakes no square,
So it be such my *Nell* as may beecome,
The maiestie and greatnes of a king.
And now my Lords and louing friends,
Follow your Generall to the court,
After his travels to repose him then,
There to recount with pleasure what is past,
Of warres alarums, showres and sharpest stormes.

Exeunt all, sauing the Queene and her daughter.

Q. Eli. Now *Elinor*, now Englands louely Queene,
Bethinke thee of the greatnes of thy state:
And how to beare thy selfe with roialtie,
Above the other Queenes of Christendome,
That Spaine reaping renowne by *Elinor*,
And *Elinor* adding renowne to Spaine,
Britaine may her magnificence admire.

Tell thee *Ione*, what time our highnes sits,
Vnder our royall Canopie of state,
Glistering with pendants of the purest gold,
Like as our seate were spangled all with itars
The world shall wonder at our maiestie,
As if the daughter of eternall Ops,
Turnd to the likenes of Vermilion fumes,
Where from her cloudie wombe the *Centaures* leapt,
Were in her royall seate inthronized.

Ione. Madam, if *Ione* thy daughter may aduise,
Let not your honour make your manners change,
The people of this land are men of warre,
The women courteous, milde, and debonaire,
Laying their lyes at princes feete,
That gouernes with familiar maiestie,
But if their soueraignes once gin swell with pride,

Disdai-

Disdaining commons loue which is the strength,
And surceases of the richest common welth:
That Prince were better liue a priuate life,
Then rule with tirannie and discontent.

Q. Eli. Indeed we count them headstrong Englishmen
But we shall hold them in a Spanish yoke:
And make them know their Lord and soueraigne.
Come daughter let vs home for to provide:
For all the cunning work-men of this Ile,
In our great chamber shall bee set a worke,
And in my hall shall bountifully feede.
My King like *Phœbus* bridegroome like shall marche
With louely *Xheis* to her glassie bed,
And all the lookers on shall stand amaze,
To see King Edward and his louely Queene,
Sit louely in Englands stately throne.

Exeunt Ambo.

*Enter Lluellen, alias Prince of Wales: Rice ap Meredeth,
Owen ap Rice, with swordes and bucklers and freese
Ierkins.*

Llu. Come Rice and rouse thee for thy countries good,
Followe the man that meanes to make you great:
Follow Lluellen rightfull prince of V Vales.
Sprong from the loines of great *Cadwallader*,
Discended from the loines of *Troian Brute*,
And though the rariuous *Saxons*, *Normans*, *Danes*,
Haue spent the true Romans of glorious *Troy*,
Within the westerne mountaines of this Ile,
Yet haue we hope to climie these stonie pales,
VVhen Londoners as Romans earst amazde,
Shall trembling crye Lluellens at the gate.
T'accomplish this, thus haue I brought you forth,
Disguise to Milford hauen, here attend,
The landing of the ladie *Æliner*.
Her stay doth make me muse, the winde stands faire

The Historie

And ten dayes hence we did expect them heere,
Neptune be fauourable to my loue,
And steere his keele with thy three forked mace,
That from this shore I may behold her sailes,
And in mine armes embrace my deereſt deare.

Rice. Braue prince of Wales, this honorable matche,
Cannot but turne to *Cambria* common good.

Simon de Momfort, her thrise valiant ſonne,
That in the Barons warres was Generall,
V Was lou'd and honoured of the Englishmen.
V When they ſhall heare, ſhees your eſpouſed wife,
Aſſure your grace we ſhall haue great ſupplie,
To make our roades in England mightilie.

Owen. V What we reſolu'd, muſt ſtrongly be performed,
Before the king returne from *Paleſtine*,
V Whiſt he wins glorie at *Ieruſalem*,
Let vs winne ground vpon the Englishmen.

Llewel. *Owen* ap *Rice*, tis that *Lluellen* fears,
I feare me *Edward* will be come a ſhore,
Ere we can make prouiſion for the warre.
But be it as it will, within his court
My brother *David* is, that beares a face,
As if he were my greateſt enemye,
He by this craft ſhall creepe into her heart,
And giue intelligence from time to time,
Of her intentions, driftes and ſtratagems.
Heere let vs reſt vpon the ſalt ſea ſhore,
And while our eyes long for our hearts deſires,
Let vs like friends paſtime vs on the ſands,
Our frolike mindes are ominous for good.

*Enter Friar Hugh ap David, Guenthian his wench
in Flannell, and Iack his Novice.*

Friar. *Guenthian* as I am true man,
So will I doo the beſt I can:
Guenthian as I am true Prielt,

of Edward Longshankes.

So will I be at thy behest:

Guenthian as I am true Friar,

So wil I be at thy desire.

Novice. My maister stands too neere the fier,
Trust him not wench, he will prooue a liar.

Lluellen. True man, true Friar, true priest, & true knaue,
These foure in one this trull shall haue,

Friar. Heere sweare I by my shauen crowne,
V Vench if I giue thee a gay greene gowne,
He take thee vp as I laide thee downe,
And neuer bruze nor batter thee.

Novice. O sweare not maister, flesh is fraile,
V Venche when the signe is in the taile,
Mightie is loue and will preuaile,
This Churchman dooth but flatter thee.

Lluel. A prittie worme, and a lustie friar,
Made for the field, not for the quire.

Guenth. Mas Friar as I am true maide,
So do I hold me well a paide:
Tis Churchmans laie and veritie,
To liue in loue and charitie,
And therefore weene I as my creede,
Your wordes shall companie my deed,
Daue my deare, I yeeld in all,
Thine owne to goe and come at call.

Rice. And so farre foorth begins our braule,

Friar. Then my *Guenthian* to begin,
Sith idlenes in loue is sinne,
Boie to the towne I will thee hie,
And so returne euen by and by,
V Vhen thou with cakes and muskadine,
And other iunkets good and fine,
Hast fild thy bottle and thy bagge.

Novice. Now maister as I am true wag,
I will be neither late nor lag,
But goe and come with gossips cheere,
Ere Gib our Cat can lick her eare.

The Historie

For long agoe I learned in schoole,
That louers desire, and pleasures coole:
Sanct Ceres sweetes and Bacchus vine,
Now mailler for the Cakes and Wine.

Exit Nouice.

Friar. Wench to passe away the time in glee,
Guenthian set thee downe by me,
And let our lips and voices meete,
In a merrie countrey longe.

Guenth. Friar, I am at beek and baye,
And at thy commaundement to sing and say,
And other sportes among.

Ow. I marry my lord, this is somewhat like a mans mony,
Heeres a wholsome Welsh wench,
Lapt in her Flannell as warme as wooll,
And as fit as a pudding for a Friars mouthe.

*The Friar and Guenthian sing: Lluellen
speakes to them.*

Pax vobis, pax vobis, good tellowes faire fall yee.

Friar. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Friends haue you any thing els to say to the Friar?

Owen. Much good doo you, much good you,
My maisters heart elie.

Friar. And you sir when yee eate:
Haue ye any thing els to say to the Friar?

Lluell. Nothing, but I wou'd gladly know,
Hon. If ~~that~~ be your first dish, what shal be your last seruice.

Friar. It may bee sir I count it physicke,
To feede but on one dish at a sitting:

Sir would you any thing els with the Friar?

Rice. Nothing sir, but if you had any manners,
You might bid vs fall too.

Friar. Nay and that be the matter good enough,
Is this all yee haue to say to the Friar?

Lluell. All we haue to say to you sir, it may be sir,
We would walke aside with your wenche a little.

Friar.

of Edward Longshankes.

Friar. My maisters and frends, I am a poore Friar, a man of Gods making, and a good fellow as you are, legs, feete, face and hands, & hart from top to toe, of my word, right shape and Christendome: and I loue a wenche as a wench should be loued, and if you loue your selfe walke good friends I pray you, & let the Friar alone with his flesh.

Lluel. O Friar, your holie mother the church teaches you to abstaine from these morsels, therefore my maisters tis a deed of charitie to remooue this stumbling block, a faire wench, a shrewd temptation to a Friars conscience.

Gwen. Friend if you knew the Friar halfe so well as the bailie of Brecknock, you would think you might as soone mooue munck Danie into the sea, as *Gwenh.* from his side.

Lluel. Mas by your leaue, wee le prooue.

Gwenh. At your perill if you mooue his patience.

Friar. Brother, brother, and my good Countremen:

Lluel. Countremen? nay I cannot thinke that an English friar, will come so farre into Wales barefooted.

Owen. Thats more then you know, and yet my lord he might ride, hauing a fillie so neecere. (warnings:

Fri. Hands off good countyman, at few words & faire

Lluel. Countremen, not so sir, wee renounce thee Friar, and refuse your countrie.

Friar. Then brother and my good friends,
Hands off and if you loue your case.

Rice. Ease me no easings, wee le ease you of this carriage.

Friar. Fellow be gone quicklie, or my pike staffe and I will set thee away with a vengeance.

Llu. I am forie trust me to see the church so vnpatient.

Fri. Ye Dogs ounes, do me a shrowde turne and mocke me too, flesh and bloud will not beare this: then rise vp *Robert* and say to *Richard*, *Redder rationem villicationis tue*, sir Countyman, kinsman, Englishman, Welshman, you with the Wenche, returne your *Habeas corpus*, heres a *Circiorari* for your *Procedendo*.

Owen. Holde friar we are thy countriemen.

Rice. Payd, payd, Digone, we are thy countrimē, *Mundue*.

Friar.

The Historie

Friar. My Countrymen? nay marry sir shal you not be my countymen, you sir, you, specially you sir that refuse the Friar, and renounce his countrie.

Lluel. Friar, hold thy hands, I sweare as I am a Gentleman, I am a Welshman, and so are the rest of honestie,

Friar. Of honestie saiest thou?
They are neither Gentlemen nor Welshmen,
That will denie their countrie: Come hither wenche,
Ile haue about with them once more,
For denying of theyr Countrie.

Make as if yee would fight.

Rise. Friar thou wottest not what thou sayest,
This is the prince, and we are all his traine:
Disposed to be pleasant with thee a little,
But I perceiue Friar, thy nose will bide no iest.

Friar. As much as you will with me sir,
But not at any hand with my wench,
I and *Richard* my man heere.
For here, *Contra omnes gentes.*
But is this *Lluellen* the great *Camber Britaine*?

Lluel. It is he Friar, giue me thy hand,
And gramercies twentie times,
I promise thee thou hast cudgeld
Two as good lessons into my iacket,
As euer Churchman did at so short warning.
The one is, not to be too busie with another mans cattel,
The other, not in haste to denie my countrie.

Friar. Tis pittie my Lorde,
But you should haue more of this learning
You profit so well by it.

Lluel. Tis pittie Friar but thou shouldst be *Lluellens*
Chaplain, thou edifiest so well, and so shalt thou be, of
mine honor, heere I entertaine thee, thy boye, and thy
trull, to follow my fortune, in *Secula seculorum.*

Friar. And *Richard* my man sir and you loue me,
He that stands by me, and shrinke not at all weathers,
And then you haue me in my colours.

Lluel.

of Edward Longshankes.

Lluel Friars agreed: Rice welcome the Ruffines.

*Enter the Harper, and sing to the tune of Who list
to lead a Souldiers life.*

Goetoo, goetoo, you Britaines all,
And plaie the men both great and small,
A wonderous matter hath befall,
That makes the Prophets crie and call,
Tum da et di te de te dum,
That you must marche both all and some,
Against your foes with trumpe and Drum:
I speake to you from God that you shall ouercome.

With a turne both waies.

Lluel. What now, who haue we here?

Tum date dite dote dum.

Fri. What haue we a fellow dropt out of the element,
Whats hee for a man?

Rice ap Mer. Knowest thou this Golcup?

Fri. What? not *Morgain Pigot*, our good welsh prophet,
Otis a holie Harper.

Meredith. A Prophet with a moraine,
Good my Lord, lets heare a few of his lines I pray you.

Notice. My lords, tis an od fellow I can tell you,
As any is in all Wales:
He can sing rime with reason, and rime without reason,
And without reason or rime.

Lluellen. The diuell hee can,
Rime with reason, and rime without reason,
And reason without rime:
Then good *Morgan Pigot*, pluck out thy spigot,
And draw vs a fresh pot,
From the kinder kinde of thy knowledge.

Friar. Knowledge my sonne, knowledge I warrantye,
How saist thou *Morgaine*, art thou not a very prophet?

Harper. Friar, friar, a Prophet verilie,
For great *Lluellens* loue,

The Historie

Sent from aboue, to bring him victorie.

Mered. Come then gentle prophet, lets see how thou canst salute thy prince, say, shall we haue good successe in our enterprize or no?

Harp. V Vhen the weathercock of *Carmarthen* steeple
Shall ingender yong ones in the belferie,
And a heard of Goates leaue their pasture,
To be cloathed in siluer :

Then shall *Brute* be borne a new,
And V Vales record their auncient hew,
Aske Friar *David* if this be not true.

Friar. This my Lord a meanes by you,
O he is a prophet, a prophet.

Lluel. Soft you now good *Morgan Pigot*,
And take vs with yee a little I pray,
V Vhat meanes your wildome by all this.

Harper. The V Veathercock (my lord) was your father, who by foule weather of waire, was driuen to take Sanctuarie in Saint *Maries* at *Carnarvon*, where he begat yong ones on your mother in the belfrey, viz. your worship, and your brother *David*.

Lluel. But what didst thou meane by the Goates?

Harp. The Goates that leaue the pasture to be cloathed in siluer, are the siluer Goates your men wore on their sleeues.

Fr. O how I loue thee *Morgain Pigot* our sweet prophet.

Lls. Hencerogue with your prophesies, out of my sight.

Mered. Nay good my lord, lets haue a few more of these meeters, he hath great store in his head.

Nouice. Yea, and of the best in the market,
And your Lordship wou'd vouchsafe to heare them.

Lluellen. Villaine away, ile heere no more of your prophesies.

Harper. V Vhen legs shall lose their length,
Returning wearie home, from out the holy land :
A V Velman shall be king,
And gouerne merrie England.

Mered.

of Edward Longshankes.

Mered Did I not tell your Lordship hee would hit it
home anon?

Friar. My Lord he comes to your time thats flat.

Nowice. I maister and you make him, he hit the marke
pat.

Friar. As how Iack?

Now V Why thus: when legs shall lose their length,
And shankes yeelde vp their strength:

Returning wearie home from out the holy land,

A V Vell man shall bee king,

And gouerne merrie England.

V Why my Lord, in this prophesie, is your aduancement
as plainlie seene, as a three halfe pence through a dishe of
butter in a sunnie date.

Fri. I thinke so Iack, for hee that sees three halfe pence,
must tarrie till the butter be melted in the sunne, and so
toorth applye boie

Nowice None go maister, do you and you dare.

Llucl. And to boy thou meanest, hee that tarries this
prophesie, may see *Longshankes* shorter by the head, and
Lluellen wear the crowne in the field.

Friar. By ladie my Lord you go neere the matter,
But what saith *Morgaine Pagote* more?

Harper. In the yeare of our lorde God 1273, shall
spring from the loines of *Brute*, one whole wiues name
being the perfect end of his ground, that cōsummate the
peace betwixt England and *V* Vales, and bee aduanced
to ride through Cheapside with a crowne on his head,
and thats ment by your lordship, for your wiues name
being *Ellen*, and your owne *Lluellen*, beareth the perfect
end of your owne name: so must it needes bee, that for
a time *Ellen* flee from *Lluellen*, yee beeing betrothed in
heart each to others, must needes bee aduanced to bee
highest of your kinne.

Llucl. Iacke, I make him thy prisoner,
Looke what waie my fortune inclines,
That waie goes hee,

The Historie

Mered. Sirra, see you runne swiftest.

Friar. Farewell, be farre from the Spigote. *Exit.*

Novice. Now sir, if our countrie Ale, were as good as
your Metheglen, I would teach you to play the knave.
or you should teache me to play the Harper.

Harp. Ambo, boye, you are too light witted,
As I am light minded.

Novi. It seemed to me thou art fittest, and passing well.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter Guenther to Lluellen with letters.

Lluel. What tidings bringeth *Guenther* with his haste?
Say man, what bodes thy message good or bad.

Guenther. Bad my lord, and all in vaine I wot,
Thou dar'st thine eyes vpon the wallowing maine,
As erst did *Aegen* to behold his sonne,
To welcome and receiue thy welcome loue,
And sable sailes he saw, and so maist thou,
For whose mishap the Brackish seas lament,
Edward, ô Edward.

Lluel. And what of him?

Guenther. Landed he is at *Douer* with his men,
From *Palestine* safe by his English Lords,
Receiued in triumphes like an earthly God,
He liues to weare his fathers Diadem,
And sway the sworde of brittish *Albion.*
But *Elinor*, thy *Elinor.*

Lluellen. And what of her?

Hath amorous *Neptune* gaz'd vpon my loue,
And stopt her passage with his forked mace:
Or that I rather feare, O deadly feare,
Enamoured *Nereus* dooth he withhold my *Elinor*?

Guenther. Nor *Neptune*, *Nereus* nor other God,
Withholdeth from my gracious lord his loue,
But cruell *Edward* that iniurious king,
Withholds thy liefest lovely *Elinor*,

Taking

of Edward Longshankes.

Taking in a Pinnasse on the narrow seas,
By foure tall ships of *Bristowe*, and with her,
Lord *Emerick* her vnnappie noble brother,
As from *Mont argis* hetherward they saild,
This say in breefe these letters tell at large.

Lluellen reads his brother Davids letters.

Lluel Is Longshankes then, so lustie now become,
Is my faire loue my beaution *Elinor* tane?
Villaine damnde villaines not to guard her safe,
Or fence her sacred person from her foes,
Sunne couldst thou shine and see my loue beset,
And didst not clothe thy cloudes in fierie coates,
Ore all the heauens with winged sulphure flames,
As when the beames like mounted combatants,
Battaild with *Pyetion* in the fallowed laies,
But if kinde *Cambria* deigne me good aspect,
To make me cheefest brute of westerne Wales,
He short that gainlegd *Longshanke* by the top,
And make his flesh my murdering fawchions foode:
To armes true *Britains* sprong of *Troians* seede.
And with your swordes write in the booke of Time,
Your *Brittish* names in Characters of bloud.
Owen ap Rice, while we staie for further force,
Prepare awaie in poste, and take with thee,
A hundred chosen of thy countrimen,
And scowre the marches with your Welshmens hookes,
That Englishmen may thinke the diuell is come.
Rice shall remaine with me, make thou thy boade,
In resolution to reuenge these wronges,
With bloud of thousands guiltlesse of this rage,
Flie thou on them amaine: *Edward*, my loue
Be thy liues bane. Follow me countrimen,
VVords make no waie, my *Elinor* is surprizd,
Robd am I of the comfort of my life,
And know I this and am not veng'd on him?

Exit Lluellen, and the other lords.

Manet the Friar and Novice.

The Historie

Friar. Come boie we must buckle I see,
The prince is of my profession right:
Rather than he will lose his wenchie,
He will fight *Ab ouo usque ad mala*.

Nonice. O maister doubt you not but your *Nonice*
will prooue a whot shot, with a bottle of Metheglin.

*Exeunt, ere the wench be fall into a Welsh song and the
Friar answer, and the Nonice b. tweene.*

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*Enter the nine lordes of Scotland, with their nine pages, Glo-
ster, Suffex, king Edward in his sute of Glasse, Queene E-
linor, Queene Mother, the King and Queene under a
Canopie.*

Long. Nobles of Scotland, we thanke you all,
For this daies gentle princelie service done,
To Edward Englands king and Scotlands lord:
Our Coronations due sollemnitie,
Is ended with applause of all estates,
Now then let vs appose and rest vs heere,
But speciallie we thanke you gentle lords,
That you so well haue governed your griefes,
As being growne vnto ageie all iarre,
You choole king Edward by your Messengers,
To calme, to qualifie, and to compound:
Thanke Britains strife of Scotlands climbing peeres.
I haue no doubt faire lords but you well wot,
How factions waste the rithest Commonwealth,
And discord spoiles the seates of mightie kings.
The Barons warres, a tragicke wicked warre,
Nobles how hath it shaken Englands strength?
Industrioullie it seemes to me you haue,
Loiallie ventured to preuent this shock,
For which sith you haue chosen me your iudge,
My lord, wil you stand to what I shall award?

Baliol. Victorious Edward, to whom the Scottissh kings
Owe homage as their lorde and soueraigne,
Amongst vs nine, is but one lawfull king:

But

of Edward Longshankes.

But might we all be iudges in the case,
Then should in Scotland be nine kings at once,
And this contention neuer set or limited,
To staie these iarres we iointlie make appeale,
To thy imperiall throne, who knowes our claimes,
We stand not on our titles before your grace,
But do submit our selues to your awarde,
And whome your Maiestie shall name to be our king,
To him wee le yeeld obedience as a king,
Thus willinglie, and of their owne accorde,
Doth Scotland make great Englands king their iudge.

Lorg. Then nobles since you all agree in one,
That for a crowne so disagree in all,
Since what I do shall rest inreuoicable,
And louelie England to thy loue'y Queene,
Louelie Queene *Elinor*, vnto her turne thy eye,
Whose honor cannot but loue thee wel,
Holde vp your hands in sight, with generall voice,
That are content to stand to our award.

They all holde vp their handes, and say he shall.

Deliuier me the golden Diadem.
Loe here I holde the goale for which ye strued,
And heere behold my worthie men at armes,
For chualrie and worthie wisdomes praise,
Worthie each one to weare a Diadem,
Expect my doome, as erst at *Ida hills*,
The Goddesses deuine waited the award,
Of *Danaes sonne*: *Balioll* stand farthest forth,
Baliol behold I giue thee the Scottish crowne,
Weare it with heart and with thankfulnes:
Sound Trumpets, and say all after me,
God saue king *Baliol* the Scottish king.

*The Trumpets sounds, all crie aloud, God saue
King Baliol the Scottish king.*

Thus lords though you require no reason why,
According to the conscience in the cause,
I make *Iohn Balioll* your anointed king:

Honor

The Historie

Honor and loue him as behooues him best,
That is in peace of Scotlands crowne possesse.

Baliol. I thankes roiall England for thy honor doone,
This iustice that hath calmd our ciuell strife:
Shall now be ceast with honourable loue,
So mooued of remorse and pittie,
We will erect a colledge of my name,
In Oxford will I build for memorie,
Of *Baliols* bountie and his gratitude:
And let me happie daies no longer see,
Then heere to England loyall I shall bee.

Elinor. Now braue *John Balioll* Lord of Gallaway,
And king of Scots shine with thy goulden head,
Shake thy speres in honour of his name,
Vnder whose roialtie thou wearst the same.

Queene Elinors speeche.

The welken spangled through with goulden spots,
Reflects no finer in a frostie night,
Then louely *Longshankes* in his *Elinors* eye:
So *Ned* thy *Nell* in euery part of thee,
Thy person's garded with a troope of *Queenes*,
And euery *Queene* as braue as *Elinor*,
Giue glorie to these glorious churistall quarries,
Where euery robe an obiekt entertaines,
Of riche deuite and princelie maiestie:
Thuslike *Narcissus* diuing in the deepe,
I die in honour and in Englands armes:
And if I drowne, it is in my delight.
Whose companie is cheefest life in death,
From foorth whose currall lips I suck the sweete,
V Vherewith are daintie *Cupids* candles made,
Then liue or die braue *Ned*, or sinke or swim,
An earrhlie blisse it is to looke on him,
On thee sweete *Ned*, it shall become thy *Nell*,
Bo untous to be vnto the beautous,

of Edward Longshankes.

Ore priethe palmes sweete fountaines of my blisse;
And I will stand on tiptoe for a kisse.

Long. He had no thought of any gentle heart,
That would not seaze desire for such desert,
If any heauenly ioy in women be,
Sweet of all sweetes, sweete *Nell* it is in thee.
Now lords along by this the Earle of Marche,
Lord *Mortimer* ore *Cambriaes* mountaine tops,
Hath rang'd his men, and seeles *Lluellens* minde,
To which confines that well inwalling be,
Our sollemne seruice of coronation past,
We will amaine to backe our friends at neede,
And into Wales our men at armes shall march,
And we with them in person foote by foote.
Brother of Scotland, you shall to your home,
And liue in honour there faire England friend.
And thou sweet *Nell* Queene of king *Edwards* heart,
Shall now come lesser at thy daintie loue,
And at coronation meete thy louing peeres,
When stormes are past, and we haue cooide the rage
Of these rebellious Welshmen that contend,
Gainst Englands maiestie, and *Edwards* crowne.
Sound Trumpets Harolds lead the traine along,
This be king *Edwards* feast and hollic daie.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Maris of London from Church,
and Musicke before her.*

Qu. Eli. Gloucester, whome may this be, a bride or what?
I praie yee *Ione* goe see,
And know the reason of the harmonie.

Ione. Good woman let it not offend you any whit,
For to deliuer vnto me the cause,
That in this vnusuall kinde of sort,
You passe the streetes with musicke so.

Maris. Mistres or Madam what ere you be,

D

Wot

The Historie

Wot you I am the Maior of Londons wife,
Who for I haue beene deliuered of a tonne,
Hauing not these doozen yeares had any before,
Now in my husbands yeare of Maioritic,
Bringing him a goodly boye,
I passe vnto my house a maiden bride,
Which private pleasure touching godlinesse,
Shall here no waye / hope offend the good.

Queene. You hope so gentle mistres, do you indeed?
But doe not make it parcell of your creede.

Maris. Alas I am vndone, it is the Queene,
The proudest Queene that euer England knew.

Exeunt Maris, & omnes.

Quee. Come Gloster, lets to the court and reuel there,

Exeunt Glocester and the Queene.

Enter Meredith, David, and Lluellen.

David. Soft is it not *Meredeth* I behold?

Lluel. All good, all friends: *Meredeth* see the man,
Must make vs great, and raise *Lluellens* reed:
Fight thou *Lluellen* for thy friend and thee.

Mer. Fight mauger fortune strong our battailes strong,
And beare thy foes before thy pointed launce.

David. Not too much prowelle good my lord at once,
Some talke of pollicie another while.

Mered. How comes my lims hurt at this assault?

Lluel. Hurt for our good, *Meredeth* make account,
Sir *Dauids* wit is full of good deuise,
And kindlie will performe what he pretends.

David. Enough of tl is my Lord at once,
What will you that I holde the king in hand,
Or what shall I especiallie aduize,
Sitting in counsell with the English lordes,
That so my counsell may auail my friends?

Lluel. *David* if thou wilt best for me deuise,
Aduise my loue be rendered to my hand:

Tell.

of Edward Longshankes.

Tell them the Chaines that *Mulciber* erst made,
To tie *Promethus* lims to *Caucasus*,
Nor furies phanges shal hold me long from her,
But I will haue her from the vsurpers tent,
My beautious *Elinor*: if ought in this,
It in this case thy wit may boote thy friends,
Expres it then in this, in nothing els.

David. I theres a Carde that puts vs to our trumpe,
For might I see the starre of *Leisters* loines,
It were enough to darken and obscure,
This *Edwards* glorie, fortune, and his pride:
First hereof can I put you out of doubt,
Lord *Mortimor* of the king hath her in charge,
And honourable intreates your *Elinor*,
Some thinkes he praies *Lluellen* were in heauen,
And thereby hopes to coache his loue on earth.

I luel No, where *Lluellen* mounts, there *Ellen* flies:
Insp: akeable are my thoughts for her,
Shee is not from me in death to be diuorst.

David. Go to, it shall be so, so shall it be,
Edward is full reloued of thy faith,
So are the English lords and Barons all:
Then what may let thee to intrude on them,
Some new found stratagem to feele their wit,
It is enough: *Merederth* take my weapons,
I am your prisoner, say so at the least,
Go hence, and when you parle on the walles,
Make shew of monstrous tirannie you intend,
To execute on me, as on the man,
That shamefullie rebels gainst kin and kinde:
And leall thou haue thy loue, and make thy pece,
With such conditions as shall best concerne,
David must die say thou a shamefull death,
Edward perhaps with ruthe and pittie mou'd,
Will in exchange yelde *Elinor* to thee,
And thou by me shalt gaine thy hearts desire.

Lluel. Sweetely aduized *David*, thou blestest me,

The Historie

My brother *David* lengthener of my life,
Friends gratulate to me my ioyfull hopes.

Exeunt.

Enter Longshankes, Suffex, and others.

Long. Why Barons, suffer yee our foes to breathe?
Assault, assault, and charge them all amaine,
They feare, they fle, they faint, they fight in vaine,
But where is gentle *David* in his Dea?
Loth were he, right but good should him betide,
Sound an Alarm.

*On the wall enter Longshankes, Suffex, Mortimor,
David the Friar, Merdub holding David
by the collar, with a Dagger
in his hande.*

Long. Where is the proude disturber of our state?
Traitor to Wailes, and to his Soueraigne.

Lluel. Vurper here I am, what doost thou craie.

Lon. Welshman alleagance which thou owest thy king,

Lluel. Traitor, no king, that seekes thy countries sack,
The famous runnagate of Christendome.

Long. Ambitious rebell, knowest thou what I am,
How great, how famous, and how fortunate,
And darst thou carie armes against me here,
Euen when thou shouldst do reuerence at my feete?
Yea feard and honourd in the farthest parts,
Hath *Edward* beene, thy noble *Henries* sonne,
Traitor, this sworde vnsheathd hath shined oft,
V Vith reeking in the bloud of Sarazens,
When like to *Persesus* on his winged steede,
Brandishing bright the bloud of Adam int,
That aged *Saturne* gauz faire *Maia*s sonne,
Conflicting tho with *Gorgon* in the vaile,
Setting before the gates of *Nazareth*,

My

of Edward Longshankes

My horses hooves I staine in Pagans gore,
Sending whole countries of heathen soules,
To Plutoes house: this sworde, this thirllie sworde,
Aimes at thy head, and shall I hope ere long,
Gage and deuide thy bowels and thy bulke,
Disloill villaine thou, and what is more.

Lluel. Why *Longshankes*, thinkst thou I will bee scarde
with wordes?

No, didst thou speake in thunder like to *Joue*,
Or shouldst as *Briareus* shake at once,
A hundred bloudie swordes, with bloudie hands,
I tell thee *Longshankes* here he faceth thee,
V Vhome nought can daunt, no not the stroke of death:
Resolu'd yee see: but see the chance of warre,
Knowst thou a traitor and thou seest his head,
Then *Longshankes* looke this villaine in the face:
This Rebelle hath wrought his countries wrack,
Baserascall, had and hated in his kinde,
Obiect of wrath, and subiect of reuenge.

Long. *Lluellen*, calst thou this the chance of warre?
Bad for vs all pardie, but worse for him,
Courage sir *David*, kings thou knowst must die,
And noble mindes all dastard feare defies.

David. Renowned England, star of *Edwards* Globe,
My liefest lord and sweetest Soueraigne,
Glorious and happie is this chance to me,
To reape this fame and honour in my death,
That I was hewed with foule dehled hands,
For my beloued king and countries good,
And died in grace and fauour with my prince:
Seaze on me bloudie butchers with your pawes,
It is but temporall that you can inflict.

Long. Bravelie resolu'd braue souldier by my life.

Friar. Harke you sir, I am afeard you will not be so re-
solued, by that time you knowe so much as I can shoue
you, here be hote Dogges I can tell you, meanes to haue
the baiting of you.

The Historie

Mort. *Lluellen* in the midst o' all thy braues,
How wilt thou vse thy brother, thou hast tane,
Wilt thou let his mailter ransom him?

Lluel. No nor his mistres gallant *Mortimor*,
With all the golde and siluer of the land.

Mered. Ransome this *Judas* to his fathers line,
Ransome this traitor to his brothers life,
No take that earnest pennie of thy death,
This touche my lord comes nothing neere the marke.

Mered: *th* stabs him into the armes and shoulders.

Longsh. O damned villaine holde thy hands,
Aske and haue.

Lluel. We will nor ask nor haue, seest thou these tooles?

He shewes him hote Pinfers.

These be the Dogges shall baite him to the death,
And shall by peccemeales teare his curfed flesh,
And in thy sight here shall he hang and pine.

Long. O villains, traitors, how will I be vengd?

Lluel. What threats thou *Edward*,
Desperate mindes contemne,
That furie menaceth, see thy words effects.

He cuts his nose.

David. O gracious heauens, dissolue me into claie,
This tirannie is more then flesh can beare.

Lon. Beare it braue minde, sith nothing but thy bloud,
May satisfie in this extreame estate.

Sussex. My lord it is in vaine to threaten them,
They are resolu'd yee see vpon his death.

Long. *Sussex*, his death, they all shall buie it deare,
Offer them any fatour for his life,

Pardon, or peace, or ought what is beside:

So loue me God, as I regarde my friends.

Lluellen let me haue thy brothers life,
Euen at what rate and ransom thou wilt name.

Lluel. *Edward*, king *Edward*, as thou list be termd,
Thou knowst thou hast my beauctious *Elinor*,
Produce her forth, to plead for *Davids* life,

She

of Edward Longshankes.

She may obtaine more then an hoaste of men.

Long. V Vilt thou exchange thy prisoner for thy loue?

Lluel. Talke no more to me, let me see her face.

Morti. V Why, will your maiestie be all so base,
To stoope to his demaunds in euerie thing?

Long. Fetch her at once, good *Mortimor* be gone.

Morti I go, but how vnwilling heauens doth know,

Mered. Apace *Mortimor* if thou loue thy friend.

Morti. I go for dearer then I leaue behinde.

Mortimor goes for Elinor, and conducts her in.

Long. See *Sussex* how he bleedeth in my eye,
That beareth fortunes shooke triumphantlie.

Friar. Saw haw, maister, I haue found, I haue found.

Lluel. V What halt thou found *Friar*, ha?

Mered. Newes my lord, a Star from out the Sea,
The same is risen, and made a sommers day.

*Then LluelLEN spieth Elinor and Mortimor,
and saith thus.*

V What *Nell*, sweete *Nell*, doe I behold thy face?

Fall heauens, fleete stars, shine *Phæbus* lampe no more,

This is the Planet lends this world her light,

Starre of my fortune, this that shineth bright,

Queene of my heart, load starre of my delight,

Faire mould of beautie, miracle of fame,

O let me die with *Elinor* in mine armes :

V What honour shall I lend thy loialtie,

Or praise vnto thy sacred dietie.

Mered. Marrie this my lord, if I may giue you counsel,
sacrifice this *Tike* in her sight, her friend, which beeing
done, one of your souldiers may dip his foule shirt in his
bloud, so shall you bee waited with as many crosses as
king *Edward*.

Long. Good cheere sir *David*, we shall vp anon.

Morti. Die *Mortimor*, thy life is almost gone.

Eli. Sweet prince of Wales, were I within thine armes,
Then should I in peace possesse my loue,
And heauens open faire their cristall gates,

[That

The Historie

That I may see the pallace of my intent.

Long. *Lluellen* set thy brother free,
Let me haue him, thou shalt haue *Elinor*.

Lluell. Sooth *Edward* I do prize my *Elinor*,
Deerer then life, but there be ongeth more
To these affaires, than my content in loue:
And to be short, if thou wilt haue thy man,
Of whome I sweare thou thinkest ouer well,
The fatetie of *Lluellen* and his men,
Must be regarded highlie in this matche,
Say therefore and be short, wilt thou giue peace
And pardon to *Lluellen* and his men.

Long. I will herein haue time to be aduizd.

Lluell. King *Edward* no, we will admit no pause,
For goes this wretch, this traitor to the pot,
And if *Lluellen* be pursued soneere,
May chance to shoue thee such a tumbling cast,
As erll our father, when he thought to scape,
And broke his neck from *Iulius Casars* towne.

Suffex. My lord these rebels all are desperate.

Morti. And *Martimar* of all most miserable.

Longsh. How say you Welshmen, will you leaue your
armes,

And be true liegemen vnto *Edwards* crowne?

Al'the Sold. If *Edward* pardon surely what is past,
Vpon conditions we are all content.

Long. Belike you will condition with vs then.

Sold. Speciall conditions for our safetie first,
And for our cuntry *Cambrias* common good,
T'auoide the fusion of our guiltie bloud.

Longsh. Go to, lay on.

Sold. First for our to lowers and our selues and all,
We aske a pardon in the Princes word,
Then for this Lords possession in his loue:
But for our Cuntry cheete these boones we beg,
And Englands promise princely to thy Wailes,
That none be *Cambria* prince to gouerne vs,

But

of Edwards Longshanks.

But he that is a Welshman borne in Wales.
Graunt this and sweare it on thy knightly sword,
And haue thy man, and vs, and all in peace.

Lluel. Whie *Cambria Britaines* are you so incensed,
V Vill you deliuer me to *Edwards* hands?

Solas. No lord *Lluel* we will backe for thee,
Thy life, thy loue, and golden libertie.

Morti. A truce with honourable conditions tane,
V Vales happines, Englands glorie, and my bane.

Long. Commaund retreat be sounded in our campe,
Souldiers I graunt at full what you request,
Dauid go ad cheere, *Lluel* open the gates.

Lluel. The gates are opened, enter thee and thine.

Dauid. The sweetest sunne that ere I saw to shine,

Long. Madam, a brabble well begun for thee,
Be thou my guest, and fir *Lluel*ens loue.

Exeunt.

Mortimer solus.

Mortimer, a brable ill begunne for thee,
A truce with capitall conditions tane:
A prisoner sau'd and raunsoind with thy life,
Edward my king, my Lord and louer deare,
Full little doost thou wot, how this retreat,
As with a sword, hath slaine poore *Mortimer.*
Farewell the flower the gem of beauties blaze,
Sweete *Ellen*, miracle of nature's hand,
Fuellen in thy name, but heauen is in thy lockes,
Sweete *Venus* let me samet or diuel be,
In that sweet heauen or hell that is in thee, *Exit.*

Enter Iack and the Harper getting a standing
against the Queene comes in.

The trumpets sound *Queene Eli* or in her litter borne by foure
Negro Mores. Ione of *Alcon* with her, attended on by the
Earle of *Glocester*, and her foure footmen, one hauing set a
ladder to the side of the litter. she ascended, and her daugh-
ter followeth.

E

Qu. Eli.

The Historie

Qu. Eli. Giue me my pantables.

Fie this hot wether how it makes me sweate,
Hey ho my heart, ah I am passing faire.
Giue me my fanne that I may coole my face,
Hold, take my maske but see you romple not,
This wind and dust see how it smolders me,
Some drinke good *Gloster* or I die for drinke,
Ah *Ned* thou hast forgot thy *Nell* I see,
That shee is thus inforst to follow thee. (maiesty

*Gloster. This aires distemperature and pleate your
Noisome through mountains vapors send thick mist,
Vnpleasant needes must be to you and your company,
That neuer was wont to take the aire,
Til *Flora* haue persuade the earth with sweetes,
With lillies, roses, mints and Eglantine.*

*Qu. Eli. I tel thee the ground is al to base,
For *Elinor* to honor with her steps:
Whose footpace when shee progreest in the streete,
Of *Aecon* and the faire *Ierusalem*,
Was nought but costly Arras points:
Faire *land* tapestrie and *Azure* silke,
My milke white steed treading on cloth of ray,
And trampling proudly vnderneath the teete,
Choise of our English wollen drapery.
This climat orelowring with blacke congealed clouds,
That takes their swelling from the marrish soile,
Fraught with infectious foggies and mistie dampes,
Is faire vnworthy to be once embalmd:
With redolence of this refreshing breath:
That sweetens where it lights as doe the flames,
And holy fires of *Vesties* sacrifice.*

*Ione. VV whose pleatant fields new planted with the
Make *Thamesis* to mount aboute the bankes,
And like a wanton walloing vp and downe:
On *Floras* beds and *Napees* silver downe.*

*Glo. And wales for me Madame while you are here,
No Climate good vnlasse your grace be nere,*

V Would

of *Edward Longshanks.*

Would wales had ought could please you halfe so well,
Or any precious thing in *Glosters* gift,
Whereof your ladieship would challenge me.

Ione. Well saide my lord tis as my mother saies,
You men haue learnd to woe a thousande waies.

Gloster. O madame had I learned against my neede,
Of all those waies to woo one way to speede,
My cunning then had beene my fortunes guide.

Q. Eli. Faith *Ione* I thinke thou must be *Glosters* bride,
Good Earle how neare he steps vnto her side,
So soone this eie these younglings had espide,
Ile tel thee girle when I was faire and young:
I found such honny in sweete *Edwards* tongue,
As I could neuer spend one idle walke,
But *Ned* and I would peece it out with talke.
So you my Lord when you haue got your *Ione*,
No matter let *Queene* mother be alone.
Old *Nell* is mother now and grandmother may,
The greenest grasse doth droupe and turn to hay,
Woo one kinde Clarke, good *Gloster* loue thy *Ione*,
Her heart is thine, her eies is not her owne.

Gl. This comfort Madam that your grace doth giue
Binds me in double duety whilst I liue,
Would God King *Edward* see and say no lesse.

Qu. Eli. *Gloster* I warrant thee vppon my life,
My King vouchsafes his daughter for thy wife,
Sweet *Ned* hath not forgot since he did woo,
The gal of loue and al that longs thereto.

Gloster. Why was your grace so coie to one so kinde?

Qu. Eli. Kinde *Gloster* so me thinks in deede,
It seemes he loues his wife no more then needs,
That sends for vs in al the speedy hast,
Knowing his *Queene* to be so great with childe,
And make me leaue my princely pleasant seates,
To come into his ruder part of wales.

Gl. His highnes hath some secrete reason why,
He wilheth you to moue fro *Englands* pleasant courts

The Historie

The VVellshmen haue of long time suters beene,
That when the warre of rebels sorts an end:
None might be prince and ruler ouer them,
But such a one as was their countriman,
VVhich sure I thinke his grace hath graunted them.

Qu. Eli. So then it is king *Edwards* policie,
To haue his sonne, forsooth sonne it be,
A VVellshman, well wellshman it liketh me,
And heere he comes.

*Enter Edward Longshankes and his lords,
to the Quene and her foormen.*

Longsh. Nell, welcome into VVales,
How fares my *Elizer*?

Qu. Eli. Neare worse, bestow their harts tis long on.

Long. Harts sweet Nell, throw no harts,
VVhere such sweete faints doe dwell

He holds her hand fast.

Qu. Eli. Nay then I see I haue my dreames, I pray let go,
You will not will you whether I will or no?

Longsh. You are disposed to moue me.

Longsh. Say any thing but so:

Once Nell thou gauest me this.

Qu. Eli. I pray let go, yee are disposed I thinke.

Long. I madame verie well

Qu. Eli. Let go and be naught I say.

Longsh. VVhat ailes my Nell?

Qu. Eli. Aie me, what sodaine fits is this I prooue,
What griefe, what pine lung paine, like youngmens loue,
That makes me madding run thus too and fro?

Longsh. VVhat, mallencollie Nell?

Qu. Eli. My lord pray let me go,
Giue me sweet water, why how whote it is?

Gloster. These be the fits, trouble mens wits.

Long. Ione aske thy beautious Mistres how she dooth.
Ione, How fares your maiestie?

Quene

of Edward Longshankes.

Qu. Eli. Ions agreeu'd at the hart and angered worse,
Because I came not right in,
I thinke the King comes purposely to spite me,
My fingers itche till I haue had my will,
Proud *Edward* call in thy *Elinor* be still,
It will not be, nor rest I any where:
Till I haue set it soundly on his eare.

Ione. Is that the matter then let me alone.

Qu. Elin. Fie how I fret with greefe.

Long. Come hither *Ione*, knowest thou what aile's
my *Queene*?

Ione. Not I my lord, shce longs I thinke to giue
your grace a boxe on the eare.

Long. Nay! wench if that be al wee le care it wel,
What all a mort how doth my dainty *Nell*?

Looke vp sweete loue, vnkind, not kisse me once?

That may not be.

Qu. Eli. My lord I thinke you doe it for the nonce.

Long. Sweet heart one kisse.

Qu. Eli. For Gods sake let me go.

Long. Sweet heart a kisse.

Qu. Eli. What, whether I will or no? you will not
leauē? let be I say?

Long. I must be better chidde.

Qu. Eli. No wil? take that then lusty lord, Sir leauē
when you are bidde,

Long. Why so this chare is charde.

Clister. A good one by the roede,

Qu. Eli. No force no harme.

Long. No harme that doth my *Elinor* any good.

Learne lords gainst you be married men to bow to wo-
mens yoke:

And sturdy though you be you may not stir for euery
stroke:

Now my sweet *Nell* how doth my *Queene*?

Qu. Eli. Shce vaunts that mighty England hath felt
her fist;

The Historie

Taken a blow basely at *Elinor* shand,
And vaunt shee may good leaue being curst and coy,
Lacke nothing *Nell* whilst thou hast brought thy lorde
a louely boie.

Veniacion I am sicke good *Katherina* I pray thee beat
hand.

Kath. Spain. This sickenes I hope wil bring King *Ed-*
ward a iollie boy.

Longsh. And *Katherin* who brings me that newes shal
not goe emptie handed.

Exite omnes.

Enter Mortimor, Lluellen and Mere-
dith.

Mortimor. Farewel *Lluellen* with thy louing *Nell*.

Exit Mortimor.

Lluellen. Godamercy *Mortimor* and so farewell.

Mere. Farewel and behangde half *Sinons* *sapons* brood

Lluellen. Good words Sir *Rice* wronges haue best
remedy,

So taken with time patience and pollicy.
But where is the Friar who can tel?

Enter Friar. That can I maister very wel,
And saie I faith what hath befel:
Must we at once to heauen or hel?

Elinor. To heauen Frier, Frier no fie,
Such heame soules mount not so hie.

Frier lies downe. Then Frier liethee downe and die.
And if any aske the reason why,
Answere and say thou canst not tel,
Vnles because thou must to hel.

El. No Frier because thou didst rebel,
Gentle Sir *Rice* ring out thy knel.

Lluellen. And *Maddocke* towle thy passing bel.
So there lies a strawe, and now to the law maisters and
friends, naked camewe into the worlde naked are wee
turnd

of Edward Longshanks.

turne out of the good townes into the wildernesse, let mee saie Masse, me thinkes we are a handsome Common-wealth, a handful of goodfellowes, set a sunning to dog on our own discretion, what say you Sir? we are enough to keepe a passage, will you be ruled by mee? weele get the next daie from *Brecknoke* the booke of *Robin Hood*, the Frier he shal instruct vs in his cause and weele euen here fair and well since the king hath put vs amongst the discarding cardes, and as it were turned vs with deuces and traies out of the decke, euerie man take his standing on *Manmoeke deny* and wander like irregulars vp and down the wildernesse, ile be maister of mirule, ile be *Robin Hood* that once, cousin *Kice* thou shalt be little *John*, and hers Frier *David* as fit as a die for Frier *Tucke*, now my sweet *Nel* if you wil make vp the messe with a good heart for Maide marian and doe well with *Lluellen* vnder the greene wood trees, with as good a wil as in the good townes, why *plena est curia*.

Eli. My sweetest loue and this my infracte fortune could neuer vaunt har soueraignty, and shouldest thou passe the foorde of *Phlegeton*, or with *Leander* win the *Hellsfont* in deserts, *Oenophrius* euer dwell, or builde thy bowre on *Aetnas* fierie tops, thy *Nel* would follow thee and keepe with thee, thy *Nel* would feede with thee and sleepe with thee.

Frier. *O Cupido quantus quantus.*

Mere. Brauelie resolute Madam and then what rests my Lord *Robin* but we will liue and die together like Chamber *Britaines*, *Robin Hood*, little *John*, Frier *Tucke*, and Maide marrian.

Llu. There rests nothing now cosin but that I sell my chaine to set vs all in greene and weele al play the *Pioners* to make vs a caue and Cabban for al weathers.

Eli. My sweete *Lluellen* though this sweet bee gal, *Patience* doth conquer me by out suffering al.

Frier. Now *Manmoeke deny* I hold thee a peny, Thou shalt haue neither sheep nor goate:

The II storie

But Frier *David*, will fleeces his coat e,
V Where euer lacke my *Notice* let.
Alis fische with huar that comes to net,
David this yeare thou paieſt no dette.

Exeunt imbo.

Enter Mortimor ſolus.

Mortimor. V Why Frier is it ſo plainte in deede,
Lluellen art thou flatly ſo reſolute.
To rouſt it out and rouſt ſo neare the king:
What ſhal we haue a paſſage kept in wales:
For men at armes and knights aduenturous?
By cocke *Sir Rice* I ſee no reaſon why,
Young *Mortimor* ſhould make one among:
And play hi, part on *Mammocke* dying here,
For loue of his beloued *Elinor*:
His *Elinor* where ſhee his I wott,
The bitter Northern winde vppon the plaines:
The dampes that riſe from out the queſly plots:
Nor influence of contagious aire ſhould touch,
But ſhee ſhould court yet with the proudeſt dames,
Rich in attire and ſumptuous in her fare.
And take her eaſe in beds of ſafelt Downe,
Why *Mortimor* may not thy offers moue,
And win ſweet *Elinor* from *Lluellens* loue,
Why pleaſant gold and gentle eloquence,
Haue tyſet the chafeſt *Nymphs* the faireſt dames,
And vants of words, delights of wealth and eaſe,
Haue made a *Nunne* to yeelde *Lluellers*,
Being ſet to ſee the laſt of deſperate chance,
Why ſhould ſo faire a ſtarre ſtand in a vale?
And not be ſeene to ſparkle in the ſkie,
It is enough lone change his glittering robes:
To ſee *Mennofyne* and the flies:
Maſters haue after gentle *Robinhood*,
You are not ſo wel accompanied I hope:

But

of Edward Longshankes.

But if a potter come to plaie his part,
Youle giue him stripes or welcome good or worse:
Goe *Mortimor* and make their loue holidays,
The king wil take a common scuse of thee,
And who hath more men to attend then *Mortimor*.

Exit Mortimor,

*Enter Lluellen, Meredith, Frier, Elinor,
and their traine.*

*They are all clad in greene &c. sing &c.
Blush and bonny, the song ended Lluellen speaketh.*

Lluellen. Why so, I see my mates of olde,
All were not lies that Bedlams told:
Of *Robin Hood* and little *John*,
Frier Tucke and *Maide marian*,
Frier. I forsooth mailler.

Lluellen. How well they coucht in forrest green,
Frolike and liuelie with oaten teene:
And spent their daie in game and glee,
Lluellen doe seeke if ought please thee,
Nor though thy foot be out of towne,
Let thine looke blacke on *Edwards Crowne*.
Nor thinke this greene is not so gaie,
As was the golden rich array:
And if sweere *Nelmy Marrian*,
Trust me as I am Gentle man;
Thou art as fine in this attire:
As fine and fitt to my desire,
As when of *Leillers Hal* and bowre,
Thou wert the rose and sweetest flowres
How saist thou *Frier* say I wel?
For anie thing becomes my *Nell*.

Frier. Neuer made man of a woman borne,
A *Bullockes* taile a blowing horne,
Nor can an *Ailes* hide disguise,

The Historie

A Lion if he rampe and rise.

Eli. My Lord, the Frier is wondrous wise,

Lluellen. Beleeue him for he tels no lies,

But what doth little *John* deuise?

Meredith. That *Robin Hood* beware of spies,

An aged saying and a true,

Blacke wil take n^o other hue.

He that of old hath beene thy foe:

Wil die but wil continue so.

Frier. O maisters, whither shal we, doth anie liuing
creature knowe?

Lluellen. *Rice* and I wil walke the round,
Frier see about the ground.

Enter Mortimor.

And spoile what prae is to be found,

My loue I leaue within in trust,

Because I knowe thy dealing iust:

Come Potter come and welcome to

Fare as we fare and doe as we doe.

Exit Lluellen & Meredith.

Frier. Nell adiew we goe for newes,

A little serues the Friers lust,

When *volens volens* fast I must

Maister at al that you refuse.

Mortimor. Such a porter would I choole,

When I meane to blinde a skule,

While *Robin* walke with little *John*,

The Frier wil licke his marrian.

So wil the Porter if he can.

Eli. Now Frier sith your lord is gone,

And you and I are left alone,

What can the Frier doe or saie,

To passe the wearie time away?

Wearie God wot poore wench to thee,

That neuer thought these daies to see.

Mortimor. Breake heart and split mine eies in twaine.

Neuer let me heare those wordes againe.

Frier.

of Edward Longshanks.

Frier. What can the Frier doe or saie
To passe the wearie time awaie:
More dare I doe then he dare saie,
Because he doubts to haue away.

Eli. Doe somewhat Frier saie or sing,
That may to sorrowes solace bring,
And I meane while wil Garlands make.

Morti. O Mortimer were it for thy sake,
A Garland were the happiest stake:
That euer this hand ynhappy drew.

Frier. Mistres shal I tel you true, I maie
I haue a song I leard it long agoe,
I wot not whether yole like it wel or ill,
Tis short and sweete but somewhat brold before,
Once let me sing it and I aske no more.

Eli. What Frier will you so indeede,
Agrees it somewhat with your neede?

Frier. Why mistres shal I sing my creede,

Eli. That is fitter of the two at neede.

Morti. O wench how maist thou hope to speede?

Frier. O mistres out it goes.
Look what comes next the Frier throes.

The Frier sittes along and singes.

Morti. Such a sitting who euer saw,
An Eagles bird of a lacke daw.

Eli. So Sir is this all?

Morti. Sweete heart heres no more.

Eli. How now good fellow more indeede,
By one then was before.

Frier. How now the diuel in steede of a dittie.

Morti. Frier a dittie come late from the cittie,
To aske some pittie of this lasse so pretty:
Some pittie sweete mistres / praie you.

Eli. How now Frier where are we now and you play
not the man?

The Historie

Frier. Friend Copes mate, you that come late from
the Cittie,
To aske some pittie of this lasse so prettie,
In likenes of a doleful dittie,
Hang me if I doe not paie yee.

Mortimor. O *Frier* you grow chollericke, wel yole
Haue no manto Court your millers but your selfe,
On my word ile take you downe a botton hole,
Frier. Ye talk, ye talke childe.

Enter Lluelien and Meredith.

Lluelien. Tis wel potter you fight in a good quarrel,
Meredith. Mas this blade wil holde let mee see then
Frier.

Frier. Mines for mine owne turne I wante nothing in
his Toolles, rise and lets to it, but no charge and if you
loue me, I skorne the oddes I can tey you, see faire play
and you be Gentlemen.

Lluelien. Mary shal we *Frier*, let vs see, be their staues
of a length good, so now let vs deeme of the matter *Frier*
and Potter without more clatter I haue cast your
water, and see as deepe into your desire, as he that hadde
dined euerie day into your bolome, O *Frier* wil nothing
serue your turne but Larkes.

Are such fine birds for such course Clarkes,
None but my *Marian* can serue your turne.

Eli. Cast water, for the house wil burne.

Frier. O mistres mistres flesh is fraile,
Ware when the signe is in the taile,
Mightie is loue and doth preuaile:

Lluelien. Therefore *Frier* shalt thou not faile,
But mightily your foe assaile:
And thrash this Potter with thy flaile,
And Potter neuer raue nor raile,
Nor aske questions what I aile:
But take this toole and doe not quaile,

But

of Edward Longshanks.

But t' rash this Friers russet cote;

They take the Flailes.

And make him sing a dastards note,

And crie *Peccatus miserere David.*

In amo amari: Go to,

Mortimor. Strike, strike.

Frier. Strike Potter be thou liefse or loth,

And if youle not strike ile strike for both.

Potter strikes. He must needs go that the diuel drives
Then Frier beware of other mens wiues.

Frier strikes. I wish maister proud Potter the Diuell
haue my soule:

But ile make my flaile circumscribe your noule.

Lluellen. Why so, now it co'tens, now the game be-
ginnes.

One knaue currieth another for his sinnes.

Frier kneeles. O maister shorten my offences in mine
cies:

If this Crucifige doe not suffice,

Send me to Heauen in a hempen sacrifice,

Mortimor kneeles. O maisters maisters let this bee
warning:

The Frier hath infected me with his learning.

Lluellen. Villains do not touch the forbidden haire
now to delude, or to dishonor me.

Frier. O maister, que negata sunt grata sunt.

Lluellen. Rise every day thus shal it be, weele haue a
thrashing set among the Friers, and he that of these cha-
lengers laies on slowest loade, be thou at hand Rise to
gore him with thy gode.

Frier. A Potter Potter the Frier may rue,
That euer this day this our quarrel he knew:
My pate adle, mine armes blacke and blue.

Potter. Ah Frier who may his fates force elchew,
I thinke Frier you are prettillie scholde,

Frier. And I thinke the Potter is hand somlie coold,

Exunt ambv.

F 3

Mortimor

The Historie

Morti. No *Mortimer* here that *Eternal* fire,
That burnes and Ham's with brands of hot desire:
Why *Mortimer*, why doest thou not discover,
Thy selfe her knight her liegeman and her loue?

Exit Mortimer.

Enter John Balioll, King of Scott with his

traine.

Lords of Albana, and my peeres in France,
Since *Balioll* is inuested in his rights,
And weares the roial Scottish Diadem,
Time is to rouse him that the world may wotte,
Scotland disdaines to carrie Englands yoke:
Therefore my friends thus put in readines,
Why slackewe time to greet the English king?
With resolute message to let him know our minds,
Lord *Perres* though thy faith and oath be true,
To follow *Balioll*s armies for Scotlands right,
Yet is thy heart to Englands honor knit,
Therefore in spite of England and thy selfe,
Beare thou defiance proudly to thy king,
Tel him *Abasia* findes heart and hope,
To shake off Englands tyranny be time,
To reskue Scotlands honor with his sword,
Lorde *Bruce* see cast about *Perres* necke,
A strangling halter that he mnde his haft.

How farest thou *Perres* wilt thou doe this messenger?
Perres. Although no comen post, yet for my king
I wil to England maugre Englands might,
And doe mine errand boldly as becomes,
Albeit I honor English *Edwards* name,
And hold this flauish contemntment to skorne.

Balioll. Then hie away as swift as swallow flies,
And meete me on our rodes on Englands ground,
We there thinke of thy message and thy fall.

Sound Trumpets.

Exit Balioll.

Enter

of Edward Longshankes.

Enter King Edward Longshankes, Edmund Duke of
Lancaster, Gloster, Suffex, Dauid, Crespall
booted from Northam.

Longsb. Now haue I leasure Lords to bid you wel-
come into Wales.

Welcome sweet Edmund to christen thy young nephew
And welcome Crespingham, giue me thy hand,
But Suffex what became of Mortimer?
We haue not scene the man this manie a daie.

Suffex. Before your highnes rid frō hence to Northam,
Sir Roger was a suter to your Grace,
Touching faire Elinor Llewellans loue,
And so belike denide with discontent,
A discontinues from your Roial presence.

Longsb. Why Suffex saide we not for Elinor,
So she would leaue whom she had loued too long,
Shce might haue fauour with my Queene and me,
But man, her trude about her fortune mounts,
And thats a cause she failes in her accounts.
But goe with me my lord of Lancaster,
We will goe see my beauous louely Queene,
That hath enriched me with a goodly boie.

King Edward, Edmund, and Gloster, going into the Queens
Chamber, the Quenes Tent opens, she is discovered
in her bed, attended by Mary Dutches of Lanca-
sters one of her daughter & the Queen
her daughter his young sonne.

Longsb Ladies by your leaue, how doth my Nell, mine
owne, my loue, my life, my heart, my deare, my
doue, my Queene, my wife.

Ed. Now art thou come, sweet Ned welcome my ioy.
Thy Nell presents thee with a louely boy.
Kisse him, and christen him after thine owne name.
Hey ho whom doe I see, my lord of Lancaster, welcome
hartely.

Lancaster.

The Historie

Lancaster. I thanke your grace, sweet *Nell* wel mette
withall.

Qu. Eli. Brother *Edmund* hers a kinsman of yours you
must neede, be acquainted.

Edmund. A goodly boy God blesse him, giue mee
your hand Sir, you are welcome into Wales.

Qu. Eli. Brother thers a fit I warrant you wil holde a
Mace as full as euer did father or grandfather be-
fore him.

Longsb. But tel in now lapt in Lillie bands,
How with my Queen, my louely boie it stands:
After thy iourney and these child bed paines.

Qu. Eli. Sicke mine owne *Ned* thy *Nell* for thy com-
panie:

That lured her with thy lies all so farre,
To follow thee vnrweldie in thy warre,
But I forgue thee *Ned* my hims delight:
So thy young sonne thou see be brauelie dight,
And in *Carnaruan* christened roiallie.
Sweet loue let him be lapt most curiouselie,
He is thine owne, as true as he is thine,
Take order then that he be passing fine.

Longsb. My louelie Ladie let that care be lesse,
For my young sonne the countrey wil / feast:
And haue him borne as brauely to the fount;
As euer yet Kings sonne to Christning went.
Lacke thou no precious thing to comfort thee,
Deare are then Englands Diademe to me.

Qu. Eli. Thankes gentle Lord, nurse rocke the *Cro-*
d'e, fie:

The King so neare, and here the boie to drie:
Ione take him vp and sing a *Lullabye*.

Longsb. 'Tis wel beleue me wench godamercie *Ione*,

Edmund. Sweet leames my Lord to lull a young one of
her owne.

Qu. Eli. Giue me some drinke.

Longsb. Drinke *Nectar* my sweete *Nell*,

Worthy

of Edward Longshankes.

Worthy for seat in heauen with Ioue to dwell.

Eli. Gramercis *Ned*, now wel remembred yet,
I haue a suite sweete lord, but you must not denie it,
Whereas my Lord of *Gloster*, good *Clare* mine host, my *clere*
guide,

Good *Ned* let *Ione* of *Acon* be his bride,
Assure your selfe that they are throughly wooed.

Longsh. God send the King be taken in the mood,
Then Neece tis like that you shall haue a husband,
Come hither *Gloster* hold giue her thy hand,
Take her, sole daughter to the Queene of England.

Longsh. giues her to Gloster.

For newes hee brought *Nell* of my young sonne,
I prouise him as much as I haue done.

Gloster and Ione hand in hand.

We humbly thanke your maiestie.

Edmund. Much ioy may them betide,
A gallant bridegrome and a princely bride.

Longsh. Now say sweete Queene what doth my Lady
craue?

Tell me what name shal this young Welshman haue,
Borne Prince of wales by *Cambrias* full consent.

Eli. *Edward* the name, that doth me wel content,

Longsh. Then *Edward* of *Carnaruan* shal he be,
And Prince of Wales christned in roialtie.

D. Edmund. My Lord I thinke the Queenewoulde
take a nappe,

Ione. Nurse take the childe and hold in your lappe,

Longsh. Farewell good *Ione* be careful of my Queen.
Sleep *Nell*, the fairest Swan mine eies haue seene.

They close the Tent.

D. Edmund. I had forgot to aske your Maiesty.
How doe you with the Abbies here in Wales,

Longsh. As kings with rebels *Mun*, our right preuails,
We haue good *Robin Hood* and little *John*,

G

The

The Historie

The Frier and the good *Maid: marrian*.
Why our *Lluellen* is a mightie man.

Gloster. Trust me my Lord, me thinks twere very good
That some good fellowes went and scourd the wood,
And take in hand to cudgeli *Robin Hood*.
I thinke the Frier for all his lusty lookes,
Nor *Robin* rule with their gleames and hookes,
But would be quickly driven to the nookes.

Dauid. I can assure your highnes what I knowe,
The false *Lluellen* will not ruine nor goe
Or giue an inch of ground come man for man,
Nor that proude rebel called little *John*,
To him that welds the massiest sword of England,

Gloster. Welshman, how wilt thou that we vnderstand,
But for *Lluellen*, *Dauid* I denie,
England hath men will make *Lluellen* flie,
Maugre his beard and hide him in a hole,
VVearie of Englands dints and manly dole.

D. Edm. Gloster, grow not so hot in Englands right,
That paints his honor out in euerie fight,

Long. By Gis fire Lords ere many daies be past,
England shall giue this *Robin Hood* his breakefast.

Dauid, be secrete friend to that I saie,
And if I vse thy skill thou knowest the waie.

VVhere this proude *Robin* and his yeomen come.

Dauid. I do my Lord and blindfold thither can I run.

Longsh. *Dauid* enough, as I am a Gentleman,
He haue one .nerrie flirt with little *John*,
And *Robin Hood*, and his *Maid: marrian*,
Bethou my counsell and my companie,
And thou maist Enlands resolution see.

Enter Sussex before the foure Barons of Wales.

Sussex. May it please your maiestie, here are 4. good
Squires of the *Centreds* where they do dwell, come in
the name of the whole countrey to gratulate vnto your
high-

of Edward Longshankes.

highnes all your good fortunes, and by me offer their most humble seruice to your young sonne their Prince, whom they most heartely beseech God to blasse with long life and honor.

Longsh. Wel said *Suffex* I pray bid them come leare, Sir *Dan* trust me, this is kindly don of your cuntrey me.

David. Villains, Traitors to the ancient glory and renowne of *Cambria*, *Morris Vaghan* art thou there, and thou proude Lord of *Anglesee*. *They kneele downe.*

Enter Suffex with the foure Barrons of Wales, with the Mantle of Trise.

Mantle Barrons. The poore countrey of *Cambria* by vs vnworthie messengers, gratulats to your maiesty the birth of your young sonne Prince of Wales, and in this poore prest exprest their most zealous duetic and affection, which with all humblenes we present to your highnes sweete and sacred hands.

Longsh. Gramercis Barons for your giftes and good wils, by this means my boie shal weare a Mantle of countries weauing to keepe him warm, and lue for Englands honor and *Cambrias* good, I shall not neede / trust curteously to inuite you, I doubt not Lords but you wil be all in readines to waite on your young Prince and doe him honor at his christning.

Suffex. The whole countrey of *Cambria* round about all wel horst, and attended on both men and women in their best array, are come downe to doe seruice of loue and honour to our late born Prince, your Maiesties son and honnie, the men and women of *Sordone* especially haue sent in great abundance of cattle & corn enough by computation for your highnes houshold a whole month and more.

Long. We thank them all, and wil present our Q with these curtesies and presents bestowed on her yong Son, and greatly account you for our frends. *Exite 4 Barons.*

The Historie

*The Queens Tent opens, the King his brother
the Earle of Gloster enter.*

Elinor. VVho talketh there?

Longsb. A friend Madam.

Ione. Madam it is the King.

Elinor. VVelcome my Lord hey ho what haue wee
there?

Longsb. Madam the countrey in all kindnes and duty
recommend their seruice and good will to your sonne
and in token of their pure good will, presents him by vs
with a mantle of frize richlie lined to keepe him warm,

Q. Elinor. A mantle of frize, fie fie for Gods sake let
me here no more of it and if you loue me, fie my lorde is
this the wisdom and kindnes of the countrey? now I
commend me to them all, and if VVales haue no more
witte or manners, then to cloath a Kings sonne in frize
I haue a mantle in store for my boie, that shall I trowe
make him shine like the sonne, and perfume the streetes
where he comes.

Longsb. In good time Madam, he is your own, lappe
him as you list, but I promise thee *Nell* I would not for
tenne thousand pounds the countrey should take vn-
kindnes at thy wordes.

Q. Elinor. Tis no maruaile sure, you haue beene roial-
ly receaued at their handes, no *Ned*, but that thy *Nell*
doth want of her will, her boie should glister like the
Sommers Sunne in robes as rich as *Ioue* when hee tri-
umphes.

His pappe should be of precious *Nectar* made,
His food *Ambrosia* no earthlie womans milke,
Sweete fires of *Sinamon* to open him by,
The *Graces* on his craddle should attend,
Venus should make his bed and waite on him,
And *Phebus* daughter sing him still a sleepe,
Thus would I haue my boie vsed as deuine,
Because he is king *Edwardes* sonne and mine.

And

of Edward Longshankes.

And doe you meane to make him vp in frize,
For God sake laie it vp charlie, and perfume it against
winter, it will make him a goodly warme Christemas
coate.

Longsh. Ah *Mum* my brother, dearer then my life,
How this proude honor slaies my heart with griefe.
Sweete Queene how much I pittie the effects,
This Spanish pride greees not with Englands prince,
Milde is the mind where honor builds his bowre,
And yet is earthlie honor but a flowre.
Fast to those lookes are all my fancies tide,
Pleasde with thy sweetnes, angry with thy pride.

grees for a

Qu. Eli. Fie fieme thinks I am not where I shoulde
bee,
Or at the least I am not where I would be.

Longsh. VVat wants my Queene to perfecte her
content,
But aske and haue the King will not repent.

Qu. Eli. Thankes gentle *Edward*, lordes haue at you
then,
Haue at you all long bearded Englishmen,
Haue at you lords and ladies when I craue,
To giue your English pride a Spanish braue.

Longsh. VVhat meanes my Queene *Gloster*, this is a
Spanish fitte.

Qu. Eli. Ned thou hast graunted and canst not re-
uoke it.

Longsh. Sweete Queene saie on my worde shall bee
my deede.

Qu. Elinor. Then shal my wordes make many a bosom
bleede.

Reede Ned thy Queenes request lapt vp in rime,
And saie thy *Nell* had skil to choosie her time.

Read the paper Rice.

The pride of Englishmens long haire,
Is more then Englands Queene can beare:
VVomens right breast cut them off al,

The Historie

And let the great tree perish with the small.

Longsh. V What meanes my louelic *Elinor* by this?

Qu. Elinor. Not he denide for my request it is.

*The rime is, that mens beards and womens breasts
bee cutte off &c.*

D. Edmund. Gloster, an olde said saying, he that grants
all is askt,

Is much harder then *Heracles* taske.

+ *Gloster.* V Vere the King so mad as the Queen is wood,
Here were an end of Englands good.

Long. My word is pall I am well agree to,
Let mens beards milt and womens bosomes bleed.
Call foorth my Barbers, Lords weele fist begiane.

Enter two Barbers.

Come sirra cutte me close vnto the chinne,
And milt me euen seest thou by a dishe;
Leaue not a looke my Queene shall haue her wishe;

Qu. Eli. V What *Ned*, those locks that euer pleas'd thy
V Vere her desire, where her delight doth dwell, (*Ned*)
V Vilt thou deface that siuer laborinth?

More orient then pimperle Hyacinth,
Sweete *Ned*, thy sacred person ought not droupe,
Though my command make other gallants stoupe.

Longsh. Madam, pardon me and pardon all,
No iustice but the great runnes with the small.
Tell me good *Gloster* art thou not affeard?

Gloster. No my Lord but resolute to lose my bearde.

Longsh. Now Madam if you purpose to proceede,
To make so many guiltles Ladies bleede.

Here must the law begin, sweete *Elinor* at thy breast,
And stretch it selfe with violence to the rest,

Else Princes ought no other doe,

Faire ladie, then they would be done vnto.

Qu. Eli. V What logick cal you this, doth *Edward* mock
his loue?

Longsh. No *Nell* he doth as best in honor doth behoue,
And praies the gentle Queene, and let my praies moue,

Leaue

of Edward Longshanks.

Leaue these vngentle thoughts, put on a milder mind,
Sweet looks, not lottie, cruel mood becomes a womans
kinde.

And liue as being dead, and buried in the ground,
Thou maist for affability and honor be renownde.

Qu. Elia. Naie and you preach, I pray my lord begon,
The childe will crie and trouble you anon.

The Nurse closeth the Tent.

Quosemel est imbuti arecens seruabis odorem Testa diu.

L. Maris. Proud incest in the craddle of disdaine,
Bred vp in court of pride, brought vp in Spaine,
Doeſt thou command him coily from thy sight?
That is the starre, the glorie of thy sight.

Longsh. O could I with the riches of my crowne,
Buy better thoughts for my renowned *Nel*,
Thy minde sweete *Queen* should be as beautifull,
As is thy face, as is thy features all,
Fraught with pure honor, treasure, and enricht,
VVith vertues and glorie incomparable.

Ladies about her Maiestie, se that the *Queen* your mother know not so much, but at any hand our pleasure is, that our young sonne be in this Mantle borne to his Chruttening, for speciall reasons is thereto mouing, from the Church as best it please your womens wittes to denise, yet sweete *Ione* see this faithfullie perfourmed, and heare you daughter, looke you be not last vp when this day coms, least *Gloster* find another Bride in your stead, *Dauid* goe with me.

(Gloster.

Gloster Shee riseth earelie *Ione*, that beguileth thee of a *Edmund*. beleeue him not sweete Neece, women can speake smooth for aduantage.

Ione. VVemen doe you mean my good vnckle?
VVell be the accent where it will women are women, I will beleeue you for as great a matter as this comes to my lord.

Gloster. Gramercies sweete ladie, & *habebis fidem mercedem contra,*

Exit.

Enter

The Historie

*Enter the Nunice and his company to giue the
Queene Musicke at her Tent.*

Nunice. Come fellowes, cast your selues euen round
in a string, a ring / would say, come merelie on my word
for the Queene is most liberall, and if you will please
her well shee wil paie you roially, so lawful to braue wel
thy *Brittish* lustilie, to solace our good Queene God
saue her Grace, and giue our young Prince a carpell in
their kinde, come on come on set your crouds and beate
your heads together and behaue you handsomelie.

Here they sing.

Enter the Frier David alone.

Frier. I haue a budget in my nose this gaie morning,
and now wil I trie how clarkly the Frier can behaue him
selfe, tis a common fashon to get golde with stand, de-
liuer your purses, *Frier Davies* wil once in his daies get
money by witte, there is a rich Farmer should passe this
waies to receaue a round summe of money, if hee come
to me the money is mine, and the law shall take no van-
tage, / wil cut off the law as the hangman would cutte a
man downe when he hath shaken his heeles halfe an hour
vnder the gallowes, wel / must take some pains for this
golde, and haue at it.

The Frier spreads the lappet of his gowne and fals to dice.

Enter a Farmer.

Farmer. Tis an olde saide saying I remember I redde
it in *Catoes Pueriles*, that *Cantabit vaeuus coram latrone
viator*. A mans purse penniless may sing before a thiefe,
true as I haue not one pennie, which makes me so peart-
ly passe through these thickets, but indeede / receaue a
hundred marks, and al the care is how I shal passe againe,
well

of Edward Longshanks.

wel, I resolued either to ride twenty miles about, or else to be so well accompanied that I will not care for these rufflers.

Frier. Did euer man play with such vncircumcised handes, sice ace to eleuen and lose the chaunce.

Farmer. God speed good fellow, why chafest thou so fast, theres no body will win thy money from thee.

Frier. Sounds you offer me iniury Sir to speake in my cast.

Farmer. The Frier vndoubtedly is lunaticke, I pray thee good fellow leaue chaffing, and get some warme drinke to comfort thy braines.

Frier. Alas Sir I am not lunaticke, tis not so well, for I haue lost my money which is farre worse, I haue lost five golde Nobles to S. Francis, and if I knew where to meete with his receauer I would paie him presently.

Farmer. Wouldest thou speake with S. Francis receauer?

Frier. O Lord, I Sir full gladlie.

Farmer. Why man I am S. Francis receauer, if you would haue anything with him.

Frier. Are you S. Francis receauer, Iesus, Iesus, are you S. Francis receauer, and how does all?

Farmer. I am his receauer, and am now going to him, abids S. Thomas a Waterings to breakefast this morning to a calves head and bacon.

Frier. Good Lord Sir I beseech you carrie him these five Noble, and tell him I deale honestlie with him as if he were here present.

Farmer. I will of my word and honestlie Frier, and so farewell.

Frier. Farewel S. Francis receauer euen heartely, well now the Frier is out of cash five Nobles, God knowes how he shall come into cash againe, but I must to it againe, theres nine for your holines and fixe for me.

The Historie

*Enter Lluellen, Meredith, Potter, with there
prisoners.*

Lluellen. Come on my hearts, bring forth your prisoners and let vs see what store of fine is there in their pursenets, Frier why chafest thou man heres no bodie wil offer thee anie foule playe I warrant thee.

Dauid. O good maister giue me leaue, my hand is in a little, I trust I shall recouer my losses.

Lluellen. The Frier is mad, but let him alone with his deuise, and now to you my maisters, Pedler, Priest and Piper, throw downe your budgets in the mean while, and when the Frier is at leasure he shall telyou wht you shall trust to. (Inoe,

Pedler. Alas sir I haue but 3. pence in the corner of my
Meredith. Neuer a shoulder of Mutton Piper in your Taber, but loft here comes companie.

Enter Longshankes, Dauid, Farmer.

Farmer. Alas gentlemen if you loue your selues doe not venter through this mountaine, heres such a coile with *Robin Hood* and his rabell that cuene crosse in my purse trembles for feare.

Longsh. Honest man as I saide to thee before, conduct vs through this wood, and if thou beest robde, or haue anie violence offered thee, as I am a Gentleman I will repaie it thee againe.

Dauid. How much meney hast thou about thee?

Farmer. Faith Sir a hundred marks, I receiued it euen now at Breaknocke, but out alas we are vndone, yonder is *Robin Hood* and al the strong theeues in the mountain I haue no hope left but your honors assurance.

Longsh. Feare not I will be my words maister.

Frier. Good maister and if you loue the Frier, giue ayme a while I you desire: and as you like of my deuise, so loue him that holdes the dise.

Farmer.

of Edward Longshanks.

Farmer. What Frier art thou still laboring so hard, will you haue anie thing more to S. Francis?

Frier. Good lord are you here sweet S. Francis receauer, how doth his holines and al his good familie?

Farmer. In good health faith Frier, hast thou anie Nobles for I me?

Frier. You know the dice are not partiall and Saint Francis were ten S. they wil fauor him no more thē they would fauour the Diuel if he plaie at dice, in verie truth my friend they haue fauored the Frier, and I haue won a C. marks of S. Francis, come Sir I praie sirra draw it ouer I know sirra he is a good man and neuer deceaues none.

Farmer. Draw it ouer, what meanest thou by that?

Frier. Why *in numeratis pecuniis legem pone*, paie me my winnings.

Far. What asse is this, should I pay thee thy winnings?

Frier. Why art not thou sirra Saint Francis receauer?

Farmer. Indeece I doe receaue for Saint Francis.

Frier. Then he make you paie for S. Francis thats flat.

Bushyng on both sides.

F. r xer. Helpe helpe I am robde. I am robde.

Longsb. Villaine you wrong the man, hands off.

Frier. Maillers I beleeche you leaue this brawling and giue me leaue to speake; so it is I went to dice with S. Francis & lost fise Nobles, by good fortune his Cashier came by. receaued it of me in readie cash, I being verie desirous to trie my fortune further, plaide stil, and as the dice not being bound prentile to him or anie man, fauored me, I drew a hand and wonne a hundred marks, now I refer it to your iudgements whither the Frier is to seeke his winnings.

Longsb. Marie Frier the Farmer must and shall paie thee honestly ere he passe.

Farmer. Shall I sir, why will you be content to paie halfe a you promitt me.

Longsb. I Farmer if you had beene robde of it, but if you bee agamester ile take no charge of you I.

H 2

Farmer.

The Historie

Farmer. Alas I am vndone.

Lluellen. So sir Frier, now you haue gathered vp your winnings I pray you stand vp and giue the messengers their charge that *Robin Hood* may receaue his Toule.

Frier. And shal my Lord. Our thrise renowned *Lluellen* Prince of Wales and *Robin Hood* of the great mountaine, doth will and command all passengers at the sight of *Richard* seruauant vnto me Frier *David ap Tucke* to lay downe their weapons, and quietlie to yeeld for custome towards the maintenance of his highnes wars, the halfe of al such golde, silver, money, and money worth, as the saide messenger hath then about him, but if he conceal anie part or parcel of the same, then shall he forfeite all that he possesseth at that present, and this sentence is ir-reuocable confirmed by our Lord *Lluellen* Prince of Wales, and *Robin Hood* of the great mountaines.

Lluellen. So vaile your budgettes to *Robin* of the mountaine, but what art thou that disdainest to paie this custōe, as if thou scornest the greatnes of the prince of Wales?

Longsh. Faith *Robin* thou seemest to be a good fellow theres my bagge, halfe is mine and halfe is thine, but lets to it if thou darst man for man, to trie who shal haue the whole.

Lluellen. Why thou speakest as thou shouldst speak. My maisters on pain of my displeasure depart the place and leaue vs two to our selues, I must lope his Longshankes. for ile eare to a paire of Longshankes.

Longsh. They are faire markes sir, and I must defende as I may, *Dauy* be gone, hold here my hearts, long legs giues you this amongst you to spend blows one with an other, *Dauie* now *Dauie* daies are almost come at ende.

Mortim. But *Mortimor* this sight is strange, staye thou in some corner to see what wil befall in this battaile.

Edward. Now *Robin* of the wood, alias *Robin Hood*, be it knowen to your worship by these presents, that the Longshankes which you auncat, haue brought the king
of

of Edward Longshanks.

of England into these mountaines, to vse *Lluellen*, and to cracke a blade with his man that supposeth himselfe Prince of Wales.

Lluellen. What Sir King, welcome to *Cambrias*, what foolish *Edward*. darst thou endanger thy selfe to traual these mountaines, art thou so foolish hardie as to combat with the Prince of Wales?

Edward. What I dare thou seest, what I can performe thou shalt shortly knowe, I thinke thee a Gentleman, and therefore holde no scorne to fight with thee.

Lluellen. No *Edward* I am as good a man as thy selfe.

Longsh. That shall I trie.

They fight, and David takes his brothers part, and Mortimor the Kings.

Edward. Halloe *Edward* how are thy fences confounded, what *Dany* is it possible thou shouldst be fallie to England?

Dany Edward I am true to Wales, and so haue beene frendes since my birth, and that shal the King of England know to his cost.

Lluellen. What Potter, didnot I charge you to begon with your fellowes?

Mortimor. No Traitor no Potter I, but *Mortimer* the Earle of *March*, whose comming to these woods, is to deceiue thee of thy loue, and reserued to saue my soveraignes life.

David. Vppon them brother let them not breath.

The King bash Lluellen downe, and David bash Mortimor downe.

Longsh. Villaine thou diest, God and my right hath preuailed.

David. Base Earle now doth *David* triumph in thine ouerthrow, aie is me *Lluellen* at the feet of *Longshanks*.

The Historie

Longsh. What *Mortimor* vnder the sword of such a Traitor?

Mortimor. Braue King run thy sword vp to the hiltes into the bloud of the rebell.

Longsh. O *Mortimor* thy life is dearer to me then millions of rebels.

Dauid. Edward relieue my brother and *Mortimor* liues.

Longsh. I villaine thou knowest too well how deare I holde my *Mortimor*, rife man and assure thee, and the late I beare to thee is long in respect of the deadly hatred I beare to that notorious rebell.

Mortimor. Awaie, his sight to me is like the sight of a Cockatrice, villaine I goe to reuenge me on thy treason, and to make thee pattern to the world, of mountains treason, falli food and ingratitude.

Exit Mortimor.

Dauid. Brother a chafes, but hard was your hap to be ouermailed by the coward.

Iuellen. No coward *Dauid*, his courage is like to the Lion, and were it not that rule and soueraignie sets vs at iarre, I could loue and honor the man for his valour.

Dauid. But the Potter, oh the villaine will neuer out of my minde whilst I liue, and I wil laie to be reuenged on his villaine.

Iuellen. Wel *Dauid* what wil be shall be, therefore casting these matters out of our heads, *Dauid* thou art welcome to *Cambria*, let vs in and bee merrie after this colde cooling, and to prepare to strengthen our selues against the last threatnings.

Exeunt ambo.

After the Christening and marriage done, the Harrolds having attended, they passe ouer, the bride is led by two Noble men, Edmund of Lancaster, and the Earle of Suffex, and the Bishop.

Gloster. Welcome Ioue Countesse of *Gloster* to *Gilbert de Clare* for euer, God giue them more, cousin *Gloster*, let

of Edward Longshankes.

vs now goe visite the King and Queen, and present ther
Maieslies with their yong sonne, *Edward Prince of Wales.*

*Then all passe in their order to the kings panilion, the king sits
in his Tent with his pages about him.*

Bishop. Wee represent your highnes most humblie,
with your young sonne *Edward of Carnaruan Prince of
Wales.*

Sound Trumpets.

Omnes. God saue *Edward of Carnaruan prince of Wales.*
Longsh. kisses them both *Edward Prince of Wales* God
blesse thee with long life and honor, welcom *Ione coun-
tesse of Gloster*, God blesse thee and thine for euer. lords
let vs visite my Queene and wife, whome we wil at once
present with a Son and daughter honored to her desire.

Sound Trumpets, they all march to the Chamber.

Bishop speaks to her in her bed.

Wee humblie present your Maieslie with your yong
sonne *Edward of Carnaruan Prince of V Vales.*

Sound Trumpets.

Omnes. God saue *Edward of Carnaruan prince of wales;*
Queene Elinor shee kisses him.

Gramercis Bishop, holde take that to buie thee a Ro-
chell, welcom *V Veishman*. here Nurse open him and
haue him to the fire for God take, they haue touzed
him, and wash him throughlie and that bee good, and
welcome *Ione Countesse of Gloster*, God blesse thee with
long life, honor, and hearts ease.

I am nowe as good as my word *Gloster*, shee is thine
make much of her gentle Earle.

Longsh. Now my sweete *Nell* what more commandeth
my Queene that nothing may want to periect her con-
tentment.

Q Eli. No thing sweet *Ned*, but pray my king to feaste
the Lords and ladies roialtie, and thanks a thousand
times

The Historie

times good men and women, to you all, for this duetie
and honor done to your Prince.

Longsh. Maister Bridegroome by olde custome this is
your waiting daie, Sir *Dauid* you may commaund a lam-
ple welcome in our court, for your cuntreymen; brother
Edmund reuell it now or neuer for honour of your Eng-
lands sonne, *Gloster* now like a braue Bridegrome mar-
shall this manie, and set these Lords and Ladies to dan-
cing, so shall you fulfil the olde English prouerbe, tis
merrie in Hall when bearded was all.

*After the Dance, and the King and Queen with all the lordes
and ladies in place, Longshanks speaketh.*

What tidings brings *Verres* to our court?

Enter in Verres with a halter about his necke.

Verres. Tidings to make thee tremble English
king.

Longsh. Metrenable beie? must not be newes from
Scotland, can once make English *Edward* stand a-
gast.

Verres. *Baliell* hath chosen at this time to flurre,
To rouze him Lion like and cast the yoke;
That Scots ingloriously haue borne from thee,
And all the predecessors of thy line;
And make his roddes to reobtaine his rights,
And for his homage sends thee at this despight.

Edmund. Why how now princecockes pratest thou to a
king?

Verres. I doe my message truely from my king,
This sword and target chide in lowder tearmes,
I bring defiance from king *John Balioll*,
To English *Edward* and his Barons all.

Longsh. Alas to me thinkes thou defiest mee with a
witnes.

Verres. *Balioll* my king in *Barwicke* makes his Court,
His campe he spreads vpon the sandie plaine,

And

of Edward Longshanks.

And dares thee to the battaile in his right.

Edmund. V Vnat Court and Campe in Englishmens
despight?

Longsh. Hold messenger, commend me to thy King,
Weare thou my chaine and carrie this to him,
Greete all his route of Rebels more or lesse,
Tel them such shamefull end will hit them all,
And wend with this as resolutely backe,
As thou to England broughtst thy Scottish braues,
Tel then disdainefullie *Balsoll* from vs,
V Veele rouze him from his hold, and make him soon
Disloge his Campe, and take his walled towne.
Saie what I bid thee *Versses* to his teeth.
And earne this fauour and a better thing.

Versses. Yes King of England whom my heart beloues,
Thinke as I promist him to braue thee heare,
So shall I bid *Iohn Balsoll* bace from thee.

Longsh. So shalt thou earne my chaine and fauour
Versses,

And carrie him this token that thou sendst:
V Why now is Englands haruest ripe,
Barons now maie you reape the rich renowne,
That vnder warlicke colours springs in field,
And growes where ensignes wan vppon the plains.
False *Balsoll* *Barwicke* is no hold of prooffe, *Barwicke*
To shrowd thee from the strength of *Edwards* arme,
No Scot thy Treasons feare shal make the breach,
For Englands pure renowne to enter one.

Omnes. Amaine amaine vppon these treacherous
Scottes.

Amaine saie all, vppon these treacherous Scots,

Longsh. V While wee with *Edmund*, *Closter*, and the
rest,

V With speedie iourneis gather vp our forces,
And beat these brauing Scots from Englands bounds,
Mortimor thou shalt take the route in taske,
That reuell here and spoile faire *Cambrin*,

I

My

The Historie

My Queen when shee is strong and well a foote,
Shall post to London and repalte her there,
Then God shall send vs happely all to meete,
And ioi the honors of our victories,
Take vantage of our foes and see the time,
Keepe stil our hold, our fight yet on the plaine,
Balioll I come proud *Balioll* and ingrate,
Perswaded to chase thy men from Englands gate.
Exit Edward King.

Enter Balioll with his traine.

Balioll. Princes of Scotland and my louing friends,
Whose neckes are ouer-wearied with the yoke,
And seruite bondage of these Englishmen,
Lift vp your hornes, and with your brassen hooves,
Spurre at the honor of your Enemies.
Tis not ambitious thoughts of priuate rule,
Hath forst your king to take on him these Armes,
Tis countreis cause, it is the commons good,
Of vs and of our braue posterity, to armes, to armes.
Veresses by this hath tolde the King our mindes,
And he hath braued proud England to the prooffe,
We will renumerate his resolution,
With gold, with glory, and with kingly gifts.
Lorde. By sweet Saint Ierem *Veresses* will not spare,
To tell his messlage to the English King:
And beard the iolly *Longshankes* to his face,
Were he the greatest Monarch in the world,
And here he comes his halter makes him fast.

Enter Veresses.

Long liue my lord the rightfull King of Scots.

Balioll. Welcome *Veresses*, what newes from England?
Like to the measure of Scotlands King?

Veresses. *Veresses* my Lord in tearmes like to himselfe,
Like to the messenger of Scottish King,
Defied the Peares of England and their lords,

That

of Edward Longshanks.

That all his Barons trembles at my threats,
And *Longshanks* himselfe as dainted and amased,
Gazde on my face not witting what to say:
Till rousing vp he shakte his threatening haire,
Verses quoth he take thou King *Edwards* chaine,
Vppon condicion, thou a message doe,
To *Balioll* false, periurde *Balioll*.
For in these tearmes he bad me greet your Grace,
And gaue this halter to your excellences,
I tooke the chaine and gaue your Grace the rope.

Balioll. You tooke the chaine and giue my Grace the
rope,
Lay hold on him, why miscreāt recreant,
And darst thou bring a halter to thy King?
But I will quite thy paine, and in that chaine,
Vppon a siluer Gallows shalt thou hang,
That honored with a golden rope of England,
And a siluer Gibbet of Scotland,
Thou maist hang in the aire for fowles to feede vppon,
And men to wonder at, awaie with him away.

*After the fight of Iohn Balioll is done, enter Mortimer
pursuing of the Rebels.*

Mort. Strike vp that drum, follow, pursue and chase,
Follow, pursue, spare not the proudest he,
That hauocks Englands sacred roialty. *Exit Mort.*

*Then make the proclamation vpon the walles.
Sound Trumpets.*

Enter Queene alone.

Now fits the time to purge our melancholly, and bee
reuenged vppon this London Dame.
Katherina.

Enter Katherina, At hand Madam.

I a

Queene.

The Historie

Queene. Bring forth our London Maris here.

Kather. I will Madam.

Queene. Now *Nell* bethinke thee of some tortures for the Dame:

And purge thy choller to the vttermost,

Enter Maris and Katherine.

Now mistres Maris you haue attendance vrgde,

And therefore to requite your curtesie,

Our minde is to bestow an office on you straight.

Maris. My selfe, my life, and seruice mighty Queen,
are humbly at your Maiesties commaund.

Queene. Then mistres Maris saie whether will you be
our Nurse or Landeres.

Maris. Then maie it please your Maiestie, to enter-
taine your handmaide for your Nurse, shee will attende
the craddle carefully.

Queene. O no Nurse, the Babe needes no great rocke-
ing, it can lull it selfe, *Katherina* binde her in the chaire,
and let me see how shee become a Nurse, so now *Ka-
therin* draw forth her brest and let the Serpent sucke his
fil, why so now shee is a Nurse, sucke on sweet Babe.

Maris. Ah *Queene* sweete *Queene*, seeke not my
bloud to spill:

For I shal die before this Adder haue his fil.

Queene. Die or die not, my minde is fullie pleased,
Come *Katherina* to London now wil we,
And leaue our Maris with her nurserie.

Kath. Farewel sweete Maris looke vnto the Babe.

Exeunt Queene and Kath.

Maris. Farewel proud Queen the Autor of my death,
The scourge of England and to English dames:

Ah husband sweete *Iohn Bearmber* Maior of London,

Ah didst thou know how *Mary* is perplexed,

Soone wouldst thou come to Wales and rid me of this
paine.

Here shee dies.

But oh I die, my wishe is all in vaine.

Enter

of Edward Longshankes.

Enter Lluellen running out before, and Dauid with a halter ready to hang himselfe.

Lluellen. The angry Heauens frownd on Brittaines face
To Eclipse the glorie of faire Cambria,
VVith foror aspectes the dreadful Planets lowre,
Lluellen basely turne thy backe and flie,
No Welshmen fight it to the last and die.
For if my men safely haue got the Bride,
Careles of chance, ile recke no lowre euent,
Englands broad wombe hath not that armed band,
That can expel *Lluellen* from his land.

Enter Dauid.

Flie Lord of Cambria, flie Prince of V Vales,
Sweete brother flie the field is wonne and lost,
Thou art beset with Englands furious troupes,
And cursed *Mortimor* like a Lion leades,
Our men haue got the Bridge but al in vaine:
The English men are come vppon our backes,
Either flee or die for *Edward* hath the day:
For me I haue my rescue in my hand,
England on me no torments shal inflict,
Farewell *Lluellen* while wee meete in Heauen.

Exit Dauid.

Enter Souldiers.

Follow pursue: lie there what ere thou be,

Lluellen is slaine with a Pike staffe.

Yet soft my hearts let vs his coutenance see,
This is the Prince I know him by his face,
O gracious fortune that me happie made,
To spoile the weede that chokes faire Cambria,
Hale him from hence and in this buskie wood,
Bury his corps, but for his head I vowed,
I will present our gouernour with the same.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter

The Historie

*Enter the Frier with a halter about
his necke.*

Frier. Come my gentle *Richard* my trew maister seruant that in some stormes haue stood my maister, hang thee I praie thee least I hang for thee, and downe on thy mary bones like a foolish fellow, that haue gone tarre astray and aske forgiuenes of God and king *Edward* for playing the rachell and the Rebel here in Wales, ah gentle *Richard* many a whot breakefast haue wee beene attogedher, & now since, like one of *Mars* his frozen knights I must hang vp my weapon vppon this tree and come per misericordiam to the madde Potter *Mortimor*, wring thy handes *Frier* and sing a pittiful farewell to thy pike-staffe at parting.

*The Frier hauiug song his farewell to his Pikestaffe a takes his
leau of Cambria, and Exit the Frier.*

Enter Mortimor with his souldiers, and Elinor.

Mortimor. Binde fast the Traitor and bring him a waie, that the law maie iustly passe vppon him and receaue the reward of monstrous treasons and villanye, staine to the name and honor of his noble countrey, for you that slew *Lluellen* and presented vs with his heade, the King shall reward your fortune and chivalry. Sweet Ladie abate not thy lookes so heauenlie to the earth, God and the King of England hath honor for thee in store, and *Mortimors* heart at seruice and at thy commaundement.

Elinor. Thankes gentle Lord, but alas who can blame *Elinor* to accuse her starres, that in one howre hath loste honor and contentment.

Mort. And in one howr may your Ladishippe reconer both, if you vouchsafero be aduised by your friendes, but what makes the *Frier* here vpon his mary bones?

Frier.

of Edward Longshankes.

Frier. O Potter Potter the Frier doth sue,
Now his olde maister is slaine and gone to haue anew.

Elinor. Ah sweet *Lluellen* how thy death I rue.

Mortimor. Well saide Frier better once then neuer,
giue me thy hand, my cunning shall faile me but we will
be fellowes yet, and now *Robin Hood* is gone, it shall cost
me whot water but thou shalt be King *Edwards* man, on-
ly I enioyne thee this, come not too neare the Frier
but good Frier be at my hand.

Frier. O sirre no sirre not so sirre, a was warned too late
lie none of that flesh I loue.

Mortimor. Come on, and for those that haue made
their submission, and giuen their names in the Kinges
name, I pronounce their pardones, and so God saue K.
Edward.

Exeunt ambo from Wales.

Heres thunder and lightning when the Queen comes in.

Enter Queene Elinor and Ione.

Q Eli. Whie *Ione*, is this the welcome that the clouds
affordes, how dare these disturbe our thoughts, knowing
that I am *Edwards* wife and Englands Queen here thus
on Charing greene to threaten me?

Ione. Ah mother blasphem not so, your blaspheming
and other wicked deeds hath caused our God to terrifie
your thoughts, and call to minde your sinfull fact com-
mitted against the Maris here of louely London, and
better Maris London neuer bread, so full of ruth and
pitty to the poore, her haue you made awaie, that Lon-
don cries for vengeance on your head.

Queene. I rid her not, I made her not awaie, by heauen
I sweare, Traitors they are to *Edward* and to Englandes
Queene that saie I made awaie the Maris.

Ione. Take heede sweet Lady mother sweare not so, a
field of prise corne wil not stop their mouths, that saide
you haue made awaie that vertuous woman.

Queen.

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Queene. Gape earth and swallow me, and let my soule
sincke downe to Hell if I were Autor of that womens
Tragedy, Oh *Ione*, helpe *Ione* thy mother sinckes.

Ione. Oh mother my helpe is nothing, oh she is sincke,
and here the earth is new closde vp againe, ah Chariage
greene for euer change thy hew, and neuer may the gras
grow greene againe but wither and returne to stones,
becaule that beauteous *Elinor* sincke on thee, wel I will
send vnto the king my fathers Grace, and satisfie him of
this strange mishap.

Exit Ione.

*Alarum a charge after long skirmishe assault florishe. Enter
King Edward with his traine and Balioll prisoner
Edward speaketh.*

Edward. Now trothles King what fruites haue bra-
uing boastes,
V What end hath Treason but a suddaine fall?
Such as haue knowne thy life and bringing vp,
Haue praised thee for thy learning and thy art,
How comes it then that thou forgetst thy bookes,
That schoold thee to forgetting gratitude,
Vnkinde, this hand hath noynted thee a king,
This tongue pronounst the sentence of thy ruth,
If thou in lue of mine vnfaigned loue,
Hast leuied armes for to attempt my crowne,
Now see thy fruites, thy gloryes are dispeast,
And his, for like sith thou hast past thy bounds,
Thy sturdie necke must stoope to beare this yoke.

Balioll. I tooke this lesson *Edward* from my booke,
To keepe a iust equality of minde,
Content with euery fortune as it comes,
So canst thou threat no more then I expect.

Edward. So sir your moderation is enforst,
Your goodly gloses cannot make it good,

Balioll. Then will I keepe in silence what I meane,

Since

of Edward Longshankes.

Since *Edward* thinke my meaning is not good.

Edmund. Naie *Balioll* speake forth, if there yet remain,
A little remnant of perswading Art.

Balioll. If cunning haue power to win the king,
Let those imploy it that can flatter him.
If honored deede may reconcile the King,
It lies in me to giue and him to take.

Edward. Why what remaines for *Balioll* now to giue?

Balioll. A league as becomes a roiall king.

Edward. What league of faith where league is broken
once?

Balioll. The greater hope in them that once haue
faile.

Edward. But foolishhe are those Monarches that doe
yeelde

A conquered Realme vppon submissiue vowes.

Balioll. There take my crowne and foredeme my life.

Edward. I sir that was the choicest plea of both,
For who so quells the pomp of haughtie windes,
And breakes their staffe, wher on they build their trust,
Is sure in wanting power they carrie not harme.
Balioll shall liue, but yet within such bounds,
That if his wings grow flig, they may be clipt.

*Enter the Potter and the Potters wife, called the Potters bint
dwelling there, and Iohn her man.*

Potters wife. Iohn come awaie, you goe as though you
slept, a great knaue and be afraide of a little thundering
and lightning.

Iohn. Call you this a little thundering, I am sure my
breeches findes it a great deale, for I am sure they are
stutte with thunder.

Potters wife. They are stutte with a foole, are they not,
will it please you to carrie the lantern a little handsom-
mer, and not to carrie it with your handes in your slops.

Iohn. Slops quoth you, woulde I had taried at home

K

by

The Dispute

by the fire, and then I should not haue neede to put my hands in my pockets, but I haue my life I know the reason of this towle weather.

Pot. wife. Doe you know the reason? I praie thee *Iohn* tel me and let me heare this reason.

Iohn. I haue my life some of your Gossipe beccos legd that we came from, but you are wise mistres for you com now awaie and will not stae agossiping in a drie house all night.

Potters wife. Would it please you to walke and leaue of your knauerie, but stae *Iohn*, whats that riseth out of the ground, Iesus blesse vs *Iohn*, look how it riseth higher and higher.

Iohn. Be my troth mistres tis a woman, good Lord do women grow, I neuer saw none grow before.

Potters wife. Hold thy tongue thou foolish knaue, it is the spirit of some woman.

Queene. Ha let me see where am I, on Charing green, I on Charing greene here hard by Westminster, where I was crowned and *Edward* there made King, tis true for it is, and therefore *Edward* kisse not me vnlesse you will straight perfume your lips *Edward*.

Potters wife. Ora pro nobis *Iohn*, I praie tall to your prayers, for my life it is the *Queene* that chafes thus, who smucke this daie on Charing greene, and now is risen vp on Potters Hiue, and therefore trauell I haue to goe to her.

Here let the Potters wife goe to the Queene.

Queene. Welcome good woman, what place is this, sea or land I pray shew to me.

Potters wife. Your Grace neede not to feare you are on firme ground, it is the Potters Hiue, and therfore cheare your Maestie for I wil see you safe conducted to the Court, if case your highnes be therewithall pleased.

Make a noise, Westward ho.

Queene.

of Edward Longshanks.

Queene. I good woman conduct me to the court, that there I maie bewaile my sintull life, and call to God to saue my wretched soule, won a what noise is this I hear?

Potters wife. And like your Grace it is the Watermen that cals for passengers to goe V Vessward now.

Queene. That fits my turne, for I will straight with them to Kings towne to the Court, and there repose me till the king come home; and therefore sweet woman conceale what thou hast scene, and leade mee to those Watermen, for here doth *Elinor* droupe.

John. Come come heres a goodly leading of you is ther not, first you must make vs afeard, and now I must bee troubled in carrying of you, I would you were honestly laid in your bed so that I were not troubled with you.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter two messengers, the one that David shall be hangd the other of the Queenes sincking.

1. M^s. Honor and Fortunewaite vppon the Crowne Of Princene *Edward* Englands valiant king.

Edward. Thanks M^sessenger, and if my God vouchsafe That winged Honor waite vppon my throne, He make her to red her plumes vppon their heads, Whole true allegiance doth confirme the Crowne, What news in Wales how wends our busines there?

2. Messeng. The false disturber of that wasted soile, V Vith his adherents is surprisid my King: And in assurance he shall start no more, Breathles he lies and headles to my Lordes, The circumstance these lines shal here vnfold.

Edward. A harmfull weede by wisdom rooted out, Can neuer hurt the true ingratted plant, But whats the newes Sir *Thomas Spencer* bringes?

Spenc. Wonders my Lord, wrapt vp in homely words, And Letters to informe your Maiestie.

Edw. O Heauens, what maie these miracles portend?

K 2

Nobles

The Historie

Nobles my Queene is sicke but what is more,
Reed brother *Edmund* reede a wondrous chance.

Edmund reedes a line of the *Queens* sicking.

Edmund. And I not heard nor red so strange a thing.

Edward. Sweete *Queene* this sicking is a surfet time
Of pride, wherewith thy womans heart did swell,
A dangerous maladie in the heart to dwell,
Lords march we towards London now in hast,
I will goe see my louche *Elinor*,
And comfort her after this strange affright,
And where she is importune to haue talke,
And secret conference with some Friers of France,
Mun thou with me and I with thee will goe,
And take the swete confelsion of my *Nell*,
We will haue French enough to parlee with the *Queen*.

Edmund. Might I aduise your royall maiestie,
I would not goe for millions of go'de:
What knowes your grace disguised if you wend,
What you may heare in secrecy reuealde?
That maie appeale and discontent your highnes,
A goodly creature is your *Elinor*,
Brought vp in nicenesse and in delicacie,
Then listen not to her confelsion Lord,
To wound thy heart with some vnkinde conceite,
But as for *Lancaster* he maie not goe.

K. Edward. brother I am resolute and goe I will.
If God giue life, and cheare my dying *Queene*,
Why *Mun*, why man, what ere *King Edward* heares,
It lies in God and him to pardon all,
He haue no ghostlie Fathers out of France,
England hath learned Clarkes and Confessors,
To comfort and absolue as men may doe,
And ile be ghostlie Father for this once.

Edmund. *Edmund* thou must not goe although thou
dise.

And

of Edward Longshanks.

And yet how maist thou her thy King deniest
Edward is gracious, merciful, meeke and milde,
But furious when he findes he is beguilde.

Edward. Messenger bid thee backe to Shrewsbury,
Bid Mortimer thy maister speede him fast,
And with his fortune welc ome vs to London,
I long to see my beauteous louelie Queene.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter David drawne on a burdle with Mortimer and officers
accompanied, with the Frier, the Nourse, the Harper,
and Lluellens head on a speare.*

Frier. On afore, on afore.

Nourse. Hold vp your torches for dropping.

Frier. A faire procession, Sir David be of good chear
you cannot goe out of the waie hauing so manie guides
at hand.

Nourse. Be sure of that, for we goe all the highway to
the Gallowes I warrant you.

David. I goe where my starre leads me, and die in my
countreis iust cause and quarrell.

Harper. The Starre that twinckled at thy birth,
Good brother mine hath mard thy mirth,
An o'de faide law Earth must to earth,
Next yeare will be a pitteous dearch,
Of Hempe I dare laie a pennie:
This yeare is hangde so many.

Frier. Well saide Morgan Pigot Harper, and Prophet
for the Kinges one mouth.

Nourse. Tunda tedo tedo dote dum, this is the daie the
time is come Morgan Pigots prophetic and Lord Lluel-
lens Tragedie.

Frier. Who saith the Prophet is an Ass, whole pro-
pheties come so to paille:

Said he not oft and sung it to, Lluellen after much adoe,
Should in spite heaue vp his chin, and be the highest of

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his kinne:

And see aloft *Lluellens* head,
Empalled with a crowne of lead:
My Lord let not this South-laire lacke,
That hath such cunning in his iacke.

Harper. *Dauid* holde still your clacke,
Least your heeles make your necke cracke.

Frier. Gentle Prophet and yee loue me forspeake me
not, tis the worst lucke in the world to flurre a witche
or anger a wise man, maister shuffe haue wee anie halt,
best giue my horses some more hane. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Elinor in child-bed with her daughter Ione, and o-
ther Ladies.*

Qu. Eli. Cal forth those renowned Friers come from
France,

And raite me gentle Ladies in my bed,
That while this faultring engine of my speech,
I leane to vtter my concealed guilt,
I maie respect and so repent my sinnes

Ione. V What plague afflicts your roiall Maieslie?

Qu. Eli. Ah *Ione* I perish through a double warres,
First in this painfull prison of my soule,
A world of dreadfull sins holpe thee to fight,
And Nature hauing lost her working power,
Yeeldes vp her earthlie Fortunes vnto death.
Next ouer V Var my soule is ouer preast,
In thee my Conscience loaden with misdeedes,
Sittes seeing my Conscience to ensue,
V Vithout especiall fauour from aboue.

Ione. Your Grace must account it a warriors crosse,
To make resist where daunger there is none,
Superdewe your Feuer by precious Art,
And helpe you still through hope of heauenlie aide.

Qu. Eli. The carelesse sleepe rule on the mountaines
toppes,

That

of Edward Longshanks.

That see the Sea-man floating on the swerge,
The threatening windes comes springing with the flouds
To overhelme and drowne his craised keele,
His tackes torne, his sailes borne ouer boarde.
How pale like *Vallowe* flowres the mountaine standest
Vppon his hatches waiting for his iearke,
Wringing his hands that ought to plaie the pompe,
Maie blame his feare that laboreth not for life.
So thou poore soule maie tell a seruile tale,
Maie counsell me, but I that prooue thy paine,
Maie heere thee talke; but not redresse my harme,
But ghastlie death alreadie is addrest,
To gleane the latest blouome of my life,
My spirite failes me, are these Friers come?

Enter the King and his brother in Friers weeds.

King. Dominus vobiscum.

Edmund. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Qu. Elinor. Draw neare graue Fathers, and approche
my bed:

Forbeare our presence Ladies for a while,
And leaue vs to our secret conference.

King. What cause hath moued your roiall Maiestie,
To call your seruants from their countreis bounds?
For to attend your pleasure here in Englands court?

Qu. Eli. See you not holie Friers mine estate,
My bodie weake inclining to my graue.

Edm. We see and sorrow for thy paine faire *Queene*.

Qu. Eli. By this eternall signes of my defectes,
Friers consecrate mine in eternall grieve,
My soule, ah wretched soule within this brest,
Faint for to mount the Heauens with wings of grace;
A hundred by flocking troupes of sinne,
That stop my passage to my wished howres.

Ab, hinder

King. The nearer *Elinor*, so the greatest hope of health,
And daime to vs for to impart your quiet.

Who

The Historie

VWho by our praiers and counsaile ought to arme,
Aspiring soules to scale the heauenly grace.

Qu. Eli. Shame and remorse doth stop my course of
speech.

King. Madam you need not dread our conference,
VWho by the order of the holy Church,
Are all annoynted to sacred secrecie.

Qu. Eli. Did I not thinke, naie were I not assured,
Your wisdomes would be silent in that cause,
No feare could make me to bewraie my selfe,
But gentle fathers I haue thought it good,
Not to relie vppon these Englishmen,
But on your trothes, you holy men of Fraunce,
Then as you loue your life and Englands weale,
Keepe secret my Confession from the king,
For why my storie nearelie toucheth him,
Whose loue compared with my losse delights,
With manie sorrowes that my heart affrights.

Edmund. My heart misgiues,

King. Be silent, fellow Frier.

Qu. Eli. In pride of youth when I was yong and faire,
And gracious in the king of Englands sight,
The daie before that night his Highnes should,
Possesse the pleasure of my wedlockes bed,
Caitife accursed monster as I was,
His brother *Edmund* beautifull and young,
Vppon my bridall couch by my consent,
Enioies the flowre and fauour of my loue.

The King beholdeth his brother wofully.

And I became a Traittresse to my Lord.

King. *Faciinus scelus, in fandum nefas.*

Edm. Ma dam, through sickenes, weakenes, and your
wittes, twere verie good to bethinke your selfe before
you speake.

Qu. Eli. Good father not so weake but that I wot,
My heart doth rent to thinke vpon the time,
But whie exclaimes this holie Frier so?

of Edward Longshankes.

Oh praie then for my fautes religious man.

King. Tis charitie in men of my degree,
To sorrow for our neighbours hainous sinnes:
And Madam, though some promise loue to you,
And zeale to *Edmund* brother to the King,
I praie the Heauens you both maie soone repent.
But might it please your Highnes to proccede,
Vnto this sinne a worser doth succede,

Que. Eli. For *Iane* of *Acon* the supposed child,
And daughter of my Lord the English King:
Is bachelie borne begotten of a Frier.

Such time as I was their auued in Fraunce,
His onelie true and lawfull sonne my frendes,
He is my hope, his sonne that should succed.

Is *Edward* of *Carnaruan* latelie borne,
Now all the scruples of my troubled minde,
I sighing sound within your reuerent eares,
Oh praie for pittie, praie for I must die.
Remitte my God the tollie of my youth,
My groaned spirites attends thy mercies seate,

Queene Elinor dies.

Fathers farewell, commend me to my King,
Commend me to my children and my friends,
And close mine eies for death will haue his due.

King. Blushing I shut these thine inticing lampes,
The wanton baies that make me sucke my bane,
Purpus hardned flames did neuer reflect,
More hidious flames then from my brest arise,
V What fault more vilde vnto thy dearest Lord?
Our daughter base begotten of a Priest,
And *Ned* my brother partner of my loue,
Oh that those eies that lighted *Cesars* braine,
Oh that those lookes that mastered *Phucebus* brand,
Or else those lookes that staine *Melisaes* farre,
Should shrine discreet desire and lawles lust,
Vnhappie King dishonored in thy stocke,
Hence faigned weedes, vnfaigned is my grieve.

L

Edmund.

The History

Edm. Dread Prince my brother if my vowes auaile,
I call to witnes Heauen in my behalfe,
If zealous praier might driue you from suspect,
I bend my knees and humblie craue this boone,
That you will driue misdeedes out of your minde,
Maie neuer good betide my life my Lord,
If once I dreamde vppon this damned deede,
But my deceased siter and your Queene,
Afflicted with recurelesse maladies,
Impatient of her paine grew lunatick,
Discouering errors neuer dreamde vppon,
To proue this true the greatest men of all,
Within their learned volumes doe discord,
That all extreames, and al and in naught but extremes,
Then thinke oh King her agonie in death,
Bereaues her seace and memorie at once,
So that shee spoke shee knew not how nor what.

Ki. g. Sir fir, faine would your highnes hide your faults,
By cunning vowes and glossing tearmes of Arte,
And well thou maist delude these listning eares,
Yet neuer assuage by prooffe this iealous heart,
Traitor thy head shal raunsome my disgrace,
Daughter of darkenes, whose accursed bowre,
The Poet fained to liue vppon *Auernus*,
Whereas *Cimerians* darkenes checks the Sun,
Dauids iealousie afflict me not so fore,
Faie Queene *Elinor* could neuer be so false,
I but shee vowed these treasons at her death,
A time not fitte to fashion monstrous lies,
Ah my vngratefull brother as thou art,
Could not my loue, naie more could not the law,
Naie further, could not nature thee allure,
For to refraine from this incestuous sinne,
Halt from my sight, call I one of *Acon* here,

Exit Edmund.

The luke-warme spring distilling from his eyes,
His othes, his vowes, his reasons rested with remorse,

From

of Edward Longshankes.

From forth his breast poisoned with suspect,
Faine would I deeme that false I finde too true.

Enter Ione of Acone.

I come to know what Englands King commands,
I wonder why your Highnes greetes me thus.
With stranger regarde and vnacquainted tearmes.

Ki. Ah *Ione* this wonder needes must wound thy brest,
For it hath well nigh slaine my wretched heart.

Ione. What is the Queen my soueraigne mother dead
Woes in vnhappy Ladie we begonne?

King. The Queene is dead, yet *Ione* lament not thou,
Poore soule gultles art thou of this deceite,
That hath more cause to curse then to complaine.

Ione. My dreadful soule assailed with dolefull speech,
Joynes me to bow my knees vnto the ground,
Beseeching your most roiall Maiestie,
To rid your woefull daughter of suspect.

King. I daughter *Ione*, poore soule thou art deceaued,
The King of England is no scorned Priest.

Ione. Was not the Ladie *Elinor* your spouse,
And am not I the offspring of your loins?

King. I but when Ladies list to runne as fraie,
The poore supposed father weares the horne,
And pleading leaue their Liege in Princes laps,
Ione thou art daughter to a lecherous Friar,
A Friar was thy father haplesse *Ione*,

Thy mother in profession vowes no lesse,
And I wilde wretch which sorrowed hard no lesse,

Ione. What am I then a Friars base borne brat?
Presumptuous wretch why preasse I fore my king,
How can I look my husband in the face?
Why should I liue since my renowne is lost?

Awaie thou wanton weede, hence worlds delight.

Shee falls groueling on the ground.

*Porcine abtasia come vntoet fianco,
Destiner chain bocca il fren gli sproni al fianco,*

L 2

King.

King. O sommo Dio come i gu dno humans,
Spesse of us can son danu membo oscuro,
Haplesse and wretched, lift vp thy heauie load,
Nurte not so much as this unhappie chance,
Vnconstant Fortune still will haue her courie.

Ione. My King, my King, let Fortune haue her courie
Flie thou my soule and take a better corle,
Aies me from roiall state I now am faine.
You purple springs that wander in my vaines,
And whilom wants to feede my heauie heart,
Now all at once make hast and pittie me,
And stop your powers and change your natie course,
Disolue to aire your luke-warne blouddie streames,
And cease to be that I maie be no more,
Your curled lockes draw from this cursed head,
Abase her pompe for *Ione* is baselie borne,
Ah *Gloster* thou poore *Gloster* hast the wrong.

Shee sodainly dies at the Queenes beds feete.
Diewretch, hate death, for *Ione* hath liued too long.

King. Reuiue thee haples Ladie greeue not thus,
In vaine speake I for shee reuiues no more,
Poore haplesse soule thy owne expected mones,
Hath wrought her suddaine and vntimelie death.

*Enter Edmund, Gloster, running with Ladies
and conuaises Ione of Acon an are.*

Lords, Ladies hast, ah *Gloster* art thou come,
Then must I now present a Tragedie,
Thy *Ione* is dead, yet griue thou not her fall,
Shee was too base a spouse for such a Prince.

Gloster. Conspire you then with Heauens to work my
harmes?

O sweete aswagers of our martiall misse,
Desired death deprive me of my life,
That I in death maie end my life and loue.

King. *Gloster* thy King is partner of thy heauines,
Although nor tongue nor eies bewraie his meane,
For I haue lost a flowre as faire as thine,

of Edward Longshanks.

A loue more deare, for *Elinor* is dead,
But since the heauenlie ordinance decrees,
That all thinges change in their prefixed time,
Be thou content and beare it in thy breast,
Thy swelling griefe as needes I must mine,
Thy lone of *Acon* and my Queene deceast,
Shall haue that Honor as beicomes their state.
You peeres of England, see in roiall pompe,
These breathles bodies be entombd straight,
With tried colours couered all with blacke,
Let Spanish steedes as swift as fleeting winde,
Conuaie these Princes to their funerall,
Before them let a hundred mourners ride,
In euerie time of their entorste abode,
Reare vp a crosse in token of their worke,
Whereon faire *Elinors* picture shall be plaste,
Arriued at London neare our Pallas bounds,
Interre my louelle *Elinor* late deceast,
And in remembraunce of her roialtie,
Erect a rich and statelie carued Crosse,
Whereon her stature shall with glorie shine,
And hence forth see you call it Charing crosse,
For why the chancest and the choicest Queene,
That euer did delight my roiall eyes,
Their dwell in darkenes whilst I die in griefe,
But soft, what tidings with these Purciuants?

Enter Messenger approach from Mortimor.

Messenger. Sir Roger *Mortimor* with all *Suffex* as earste
your Grace by mellage did commaund, is here at hande
in purpose to present your Highnes with his signes of vi-
ctorie, and trothles *Balioll* their accursed King, with fire
and sword doth threat Northumberland.

King. How one affliction cals another ouer.
First death torments me, then I feele disgrace,
Againe *Lluellen* he rebels in V Vales,
And false *Balioll* meanes to braue me to,
But I will finde prouision for them all,

The Myfado

My conſtancie ſhall conquer death and ſhame,
And *Mortimer* tis thou muſt haſt to wales,
And rouse that Rebel from his ſlaring holes,
And rid thy King of his contentious foe,
VVhilst I with *Elmer*, *Gloſter*, and the reſt,
With ſpeedie iourney gather vp our force,
And beat theſe brauing Scots from out our bounds,
Courage braue Souldiers fates hath done their worſt,
Now Vertue let me triumphe in thine aide.

Exite Edward.

Gloſter ſolus.

Gloſter. Now *Iane of Acon* let me mourne thy ſal,
Sole here alone now ſet thee downe and ſigh,
Sigh haples *Gloſter* for thy Iordaine leſſe,
Pale death alas hath banished all thy pride,
Thy wedlocke vowes how ought haue I beheld?

Enter Mortimer with the head.

Thy eies thy lookes thy lippes and euerie part,
How nature ſtore in them to ſhew their Art,
In ſhine, in ſhape, in colour and compare,
But now hath death the enemy of loue,
Staind and deformed, the ſhine, the ſhape, the reedie,
With pale and dunnes, and my loue is dead.
Ah dead my loue, vile wretch whicam I liuing?
So willeth fates, and I muſt be contented,
All pompe in time muſt fade and grow to nothing,
VVept I like *Nobe*, yet it profits nothing,
Then ceaſe my ſighs ſince I maie not regaine her,
And woe to wretched death that thus hath ſlaine her.

Exit Gloſter.

*Tours. By George Peele Maister of
Artes in Oxenford.*

Finis.

